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ART. I.—BUSHNELL: GOD IN CHRIST.

*God in Christ.* Three Discourses, delivered at New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover : with a Preliminary Dissertation on Language. By Horace Bushnell. London: John Chapman. 1850.

HERE is another of the many indications that daily meet us, of wide-spread dissatisfaction with the existing state of theological opinion, in bodies reputedly orthodox. From the heart of the Calvinistic section of the New England Congregationalists, Mr. Bushnell has put forth doctrines that vibrate with a deep undertone of the newest philosophy and shake the old dogmatic system to its centre. With all the qualities that are wanted for a stirring reformation of old and stagnant opinions, his mind, as expressed in the work before us, seems richly endowed. His bold and somewhat dashing treatment of his subject, though seasoned throughout with great warmth of devotional feeling—the quaintness and originality of his copious illustrations—the juicy freshness and vigour of his style, not without a native roughness which enhances its poignancy—bespeak no ordinary man, and must ever have secured interest and attention to a book like this, apart from the remarkable circumstances which attend its publication. That he is often inconsequential and open at many points to the attack of a rigorous logic, follows inevitably from the union—indispensable to one who would act

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strongly on popular sympathies—of profound religious susceptibility with intellectual acumen. Perhaps no writer could be more constantly quoted against himself than Paul; and yet to this apparent want of logical consistency—a result of different tendencies developed in their utmost force—he owes no small portion of his extraordinary spiritual influence.

Our readers are probably aware, that the descendants and representatives of the old Puritan stock which originally colonized New England from this country, have not all adhered with equal tenacity to the Calvinistic standards of their forefathers; and that while the settlers in Massachusetts have cast off their ancient creeds and gone through nearly the same course of theological development with the English Presbyterians, the churches of Connecticut have hitherto preserved in its integrity their original profession of orthodoxy. The consequence has been a general suspension of ecclesiastical relations between the two bodies—the chasm widening with the continuance of the controversy. But a reactionary tendency is already perceptible. The spirit of the age—breathing direct from the schools of Germany, or qualified in its passage through the writings of Emerson and Carlyle—has swept with no slight influence over the cultivated minds of North America, and softening down the sharp and rigid lines of previous separation, appears to be awakening a desire for mutual approximation. The rationalists thirst after more spirituality; the orthodox demand larger sympathies and greater freedom of mental expansion. Mr. Bushnell's book is a herald of this auspicious movement. He professes respect and sympathy for the Unitarians, without participating in their doctrinal views: and of the three discourses which constitute the substance of his volume, while the first and the third were prepared for the orthodox Academies of Yale and Andover, the second was delivered by request in the Divinity School of Harvard University, where an Unitarian theology is publicly taught.

These discourses are preceded by a preliminary dissertation which takes up the subject from a deeper and more fundamental principle, and assumes as an essential condition for the adequate treatment of the questions involved, a previous determination of the necessary limitations of

language in its efforts to express the spiritual. So much unfruitful controversy has sprung from this source—in spite of the repeated cautions of philosophical minds—that too much praise cannot be given to the author for again directing public attention to the subject. In his general theory there is nothing original: what we owe to himself, is the more immediate application of it to Christian dogma, and the forcible manner in which he has set forth its importance and deduced its consequences. His leading view may be thus described.—The bases or types of all words or forms of speech for the expression of spiritual ideas, are to be found in the objects and operations of the physical world; for simple states of consciousness are of course incommunicable, except through association with some outward sign which is a common object of perception to different minds. But the inherent power of the physical to represent the spiritual—the correspondence and as it were pre-adaptation of the outward to the inward world—implies a secret and mysterious affinity between them, which finds its explanation in the original conception of the universe by a Sovereign Mind. This is a favourite idea with the author, which enters largely into the subsequent applications of his theory, and which he particularly insists on as distinguishing his view from that of Locke. In the main we think him right; but he has rather indicated than developed his idea: and in the absence of any sufficient analysis on his part, we crave the reader's indulgence for a few moments, while we briefly trace the process through which, as it appears to us, the imagery suggested immediately by the gross impressions of material objects, is transformed and subtilized, and becomes continually a more refined and delicate exponent of spiritual agency.

The earliest states of mind requiring expression in speech, must have been such as were excited by outward objects of want, desire, aversion or fear. A latent instinct would most likely prompt the sounds, that associated themselves with those objects and were used thenceforward as their vocal designation. With the remembrance of the object not only the sound or word would be recalled, but the feeling, appetite, or passion under which it was originally given. By a double association, therefore; the word would denote at once an object and its associated feeling;

and if, as must often happen, different terms should be applied to the same object, when viewed under different relations or blended with various states and gradations of emotion—some terms in which the expression of feeling was most intense and predominant, would in time be loosened off from their object, and be reserved and set apart as simple exponents of emotion, while others would retain undisturbed their primitive adhesion to the objective reality. Thus language would possess from the first a two-fold office—that of registering the impressions of sense, and that of expressing the emotions awakened by them; and while perception and memory continued, as for a long time they must, the sole or chief operations of the mind—its spiritual vocabulary, if we may so call it, would be limited to the few terms that would be yet needed as representative of the most prominent states of human consciousness. Imagination would come next into play, in the endless forms of myth and song—using the materials which sense and memory had already treasured up, and still further spiritualising them—and elaborating a rough terminology for those incipient efforts at abstraction and generalisation which are demanded by a quickened sense of moral truths and obligations, and by the mind's transference of its own consciousness to the laws and operations of the visible universe. With increased habits of reflection the facts of consciousness would become more distinct and clear, and specific designations be appropriated to them; till at length in many words the spiritual so thoroughly absorbed and dissolved the material element by which it was at first stimulated into existence, that the most sagacious etymologist can no longer detect any traces of it. When this conversion is completed, a reflex action takes place. The spiritual element of the mind having now acquired an independent force and consistency, repays with ample interest the tribute that it once received. It no more wants a ray from without to light up its dim machinery and buried laws, but throws back its own intellectual lustre on the face of the material creation. It is no more a passive recipient of external imagery, but reads the phenomena of earth and heaven in the light of its own higher thoughts. It gives speech to the silent hills and inarticulate woods, and opens with them a solemn



communing of love. The poetry of the old world was objective and sensuous; that of the new is essentially reflective. There is no counterpart in antiquity to the poetry of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Tennyson.

But this action and reaction of what we distinguish as matter and spirit, implies—we think with Mr. Bushnell—that the human mind must originally be something more than a vacant chamber or *tabula rasa* for the mere admission of images. It has evidently an activity of its own. It is clear, that the world without and the world within are corresponding utterances of the Infinite Mind. The most ancient philosophies speak of creation as a Word. The *logos* in our souls answers to the greater Logos of the external universe. Grammar is an expression of eternal laws; for men from their origin are linguistic natures and speech is a necessary development of their inward being. The physical bases and types of language have thus an inherent affinity with the spiritual ideas they are used to express. The adaptation is not arbitrary, but, if we may so express it, congenital. But as these types are fixed, while mind is ever-unfolding and progressive, they are always an imperfect medium for the representation of its most refined and exalted states—a medium whose clearness is unavoidably dimmed by some retention of the material element. The mind is ever soaring towards the Infinite; and language through constant accessions of significance and a constant process of refining, is ever striving to keep pace with it: but after all these efforts, the symbol falls immeasurably below the idea.

These views Mr. Bushnell has applied to a solution of the many vexed questions of dogmatic theology. Such questions, he shows, relate for the most part not to any essential truth of Religion, but to some interpretation of the material adjuncts which are indispensable to a definite apprehension of spiritual things. The central truth which is sought after, viewed from opposite sides of the field of vision and through different interposing media, draws into its resulting expression many of the accidental conditions of the contemplating mind. All creeds, for example, which are human attempts to express the Divine, are liable to this imperfection. They contain in them elements, due to the particular influences under which they were com-

posed, that must be dropped to gain the purest conception of the truth desired. On this ground he contends that a multitude of creeds is an advantage; because one neutralises another, and a comparison of all eliminates the excrescent adjuncts, and leaves a clearer and deeper impression of the residuum of central truth.

This idea, though novel and suggestive, must not be admitted without cautious limitation. As put forth by Mr. Bushnell, it is open to the serious objection of being unaccompanied, so far as we can perceive, by any precise statement of what must ultimately be appealed to, as a criterion of spiritual truth, and therefore, when extensively applied, of landing the inquirer in a negative result. When the material element is dropped on all sides, what remains? Form, says the author, is indispensable to give us an apprehension of that which is necessarily formless. But take the form away, and what does it leave behind it as an object of thought? There is a spiritual, and there is a material, world—and language, built up of materials which the latter alone supplies, takes us across from one into the other. But into what does it convey us? What are the *realities* that encounter us in the realm of pure spirit? And how are we to apprehend and verify them? This is not brought out with sufficient clearness in the work before us. We are vaguely referred to the truths of Revelation, without any attempt to develop the eternal laws of consciousness—those standing witnesses of truth within the mind, into which all belief in Revelation itself must ultimately be resolved. It is only by an appeal to some mental standard of this description, that we can distinguish those higher forms of expression which result from the immutable conditions of human thought, and in all languages of any cultivation have permanently incorporated themselves with universal truths, and may be safely taken as a basis for the superstructure of men's reasonings on spiritual things—from such as have plainly originated in the gross and limited conceptions of an early stage of mental advancement, and are chiefly valuable in an historical sense as indications of the road along which the mind of man has pursued its intellectual journey. Mr. Bushnell has nowhere expressed himself with sufficient distinctness to preclude the inference, that *all* symbols are in his judg-

ment of equal value—that such, for example, as express the grossest anthropopathy, are as pertinent and acceptable, as those which have entered into indissoluble association with the universal truths of morals, psychology and religion, and spring as it were spontaneously from the deepest intuitions of consciousness, and which, if they do not express the whole truth, are still in the way *towards* it, and represent it with no serious error so far as they go. That this is no captious and groundless objection, will appear presently, when we come to speak of the second discourse.

There is another omission in Mr. Bushnell's book, which makes it difficult to apply consistently the doctrine which he has laid down for the interpretation of symbolical language. He nowhere states, in what light he views the Bible as a whole—and whether consequently he thinks we are justified—as we certainly should be in the case of any other book—in recurring to the known circumstances and mental condition of the parties employing its language, as a guide to its real meaning, or whether we are to regard *all* its narratives, without reference to the mind of the narrator, as objective realities embodying spiritual truths. The following eloquent passage, amidst much to which we heartily respond, is chargeable with a want of distinctness on this head:—

“There is no book in the world that contains so many repugnances, or antagonistic forms of assertion, as the Bible. Therefore, if any man please to play off his constructive logic upon it, he can easily show it up as the absurdest book in the world. But whosoever wants, on the other hand, really to behold and receive all truth, and would have the truth-world overhang him as an empyrean of stars, complex, multitudinous, striving antagonistically, yet comprehended, height above height, and deep under deep, in a boundless score of harmony; what man soever, content with no small rote of logic and catechism, reaches with true hunger after this, and will offer himself to the many-sided forms of the Scripture with a perfectly ingenuous and receptive spirit; he shall find his nature flooded with senses, vastnesses and powers of truth, such as it is even greatness to feel. God's own lawgivers, heroes, poets, historians, prophets, and preachers and doers of righteousness, will bring him their company, and representing each his own age, character, and mode of thought, shine upon him as so many cross lights on his

field of knowledge, to give him the most complete and manifold view possible of every truth. He has not only the words of Christ, the most manifold of all teachers, but he has gospels which present him in his different words and attitudes; and then, besides, he has four—some say five—distinct writers of epistles, who follow, giving each his own view of the doctrine of salvation and the Christian life (views so unlike or antagonistical that many have regarded them as being quite irreconcilable). Paul, the dialectic, commonly so called; John, the mystic; James, the moraliser; Peter, the homiletic; and perhaps a fifth in the Epistle to the Hebrews, who is a Christian templar and Hebraizer. The Old Testament corresponds. Never was there a book uniting so many contrarious aspects of one and the same truth. The more complete, therefore, because of its manifoldness; nay, the more really harmonious, for its apparent want of harmony. —Pp. 59, 60.

From this passage, taken by itself, it might be imagined, that the author had sufficiently answered the question proposed; but from the ensuing comparison with the poetry of Goethe, and the allusion to "those august and magnificent forms of Scripture"—incarnation, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, atonement as blood, &c.,—we are still left in doubt, whether we are to accept the Bible as poetry, or are to look on these dogmas as something objective and real. We have still to ask, is its manifestation of divine things a simple reflection of the human mind filled with the light of religious inspiration, or is it the display of a vast supernatural apparatus from age to age, for the formation of the religious sentiments of mankind? We conclude, that the latter is Mr. Bushnell's opinion. But the subject he has opened, is too vast to be shut in by such arbitrary limits. The language that utters strong religious emotions, demands a qualified interpretation, not only in relation to the objects of the invisible world, but also to the events and the personages that are called up by remembrance from the dimness of the past.—We wish distinctly to guard ourselves from the imputation of denying the possibility of an intermixture of *superhuman* signs and agencies in a course of human history; but in a discussion professing to open from its very depths the whole question of the symbolism of religion—it strikes us as a serious omission, that the author should never have touched on the test of a distinction between the *subjective* and the *objective* in its nar-

ratives; since, if we are not to probe the power of influences external to the Bible as a literature, and determining the conditions of its formation, we are obviously incompetent to appreciate the force and pertinency of the symbolism that is so deeply interwrought with every portion of its contents.

With the limitations now indicated, we think there is much that is just and worthy of attention in Mr. Bushnell's preliminary dissertation. Its influence will work most beneficially towards a less dogmatic and a more spiritual interpretation of the Bible; and our opinion of it is not the less favourable, because, without at all weakening the foundation-stones of Christian faith, it is capable, in the hands of thoughtful readers, of a still wider and more fruitful application.

The three discourses on the Divinity of Christ, on the Atonement, and on Dogma and Spirit—are included under a common title—*God in Christ*; and the author's principles find their application in his showing, how contradictions insuperable by human understanding, are inevitably involved in every attempt to bring down the infinite into the finite, and to blend the divine with the human. On this ground he puts himself in prominent opposition as well to the old orthodoxy as to its natural re-action, Unitarianism. Although at opposite poles, he argues that both agree in a common principle of rationalism, and make the same mistake of attempting to confine within the limits of a logical definition, what is necessarily too vast for human comprehension. On his replies to the orthodox we shall not dwell. To us they seem unanswerable. Our curiosity is rather drawn to the position which he assumes in relation to the Unitarians. He takes up the three following grounds against them: (1,) the simple statement of Scripture, affirming the incarnation; (2,) the impossibility of any direct communion between God and man, apart from the intervention of a being at once divine and human; (3,) the inevitableness of the contradictions which constitute the objection, and the existence of which (the necessity for the interference being pre-supposed) is an indication rather of truth than of falsehood. The first point we shall not here discuss with him, not because we think it unassailable, but because we have only time to say

a word or two on other topics. We shall merely remark by the way, that however the simple assertions of Scripture may pass unquestioned among those who agree in general terms to accept its contents, the position would not be so easily tenable against that large and, we fear, increasing class of men who are disposed to question the credibility of Scripture altogether, and who would put such a fact as the incarnation in the front rank of their objections. But to these, the two latter positions may be expected to furnish a reply. The grand theosophic argument advanced by Mr. Bushnell for the Incarnation, is that in no other way can we conceive the possibility of an union between God and Man. The difficulty and the solution as stated by him, differ but little from those suggested in Swedenborg's celebrated argument on the Infinite; and indeed throughout Mr. Bushnell's theory of the Trinity, it is impossible to overlook a very perceptible influence of Swedenborgian ideas. The question is, how to approximate the finite and the infinite. It is solved by the assumption of a nature that is at once finite and infinite. If we hesitate to admit the possibility of such an union, Mr. Bushnell replies:—

"You have the same objection in reference to the first revelation, the Word in the world. This also is limited—at least what you have known of it is limited; besides, you have a special delight in seeing God in the smallest things, the minutest specks of being. If, then, it be incredible, that God should take the human to express himself, because the human is finite, can the finite in the world, or in a living atom, express him more worthily, or do it more accordantly with reason?"—P. 135. "As regards the interior nature of Christ, or the composition of his person, we perhaps know nothing; and if his outward nature represents an unknown quantity, it may, for aught that appears, represent an infinite quantity. A finite outward person, too, may as well be an organ or type of the Infinite as a finite thing or object; and God may act a human personality without being measured by it, as well as shine through a finite thing or a world, without being measured by that."—P. 136.

No doubt the Infinite does shine through the finite; but not in the sense in which God is affirmed to be in Christ. God in his fulness is never said to be revealed in any par-



ticular finite, but only in the totality of finites. Or if it should be maintained, that the whole essence of God is present to each individual existence, we then take away all distinction between Christ and any other being. There is no more of God in him than in a blade of grass, or in a pebble on the sea shore. We are astonished, that Mr. Bushnell should have lapsed into so obvious a sophism. On his own hypothesis, it was to fill up the chasm between God and Man, that a peculiar manifestation in Christ became necessary. The Trinity set forth in this discourse is a threefold condition of God's self-revelation to the universe, differing from Sabellianism inasmuch as it does not identify the Father with absolute Deity. Like the Trinity of Swedenborg, it begins with revelation, and terminates with it; and to that extent alone can be regarded as inherent in the nature of God, that we find it impossible to conceive of the Divine existence apart from some expression of itself in a work of creation. But the true and absolute God—the Power which is the ground and vital energy of the Universe—is declared by the author to be incommunicable, the revelations of Father, Son and Holy Spirit disclosing only sides of his infinite nature. In himself He lies beyond the reach of human apprehension, and takes his place above the triple Godhead in the same rank of invisible sovereignty, as Parabrahma beyond the Trimurti of the Brahmins, or Zeruane-Akerene, who crowns the dualism of the Zendavesta, or Cneph, who presided unseen at the head of the multiform deities of ancient Egypt. But what is gained to the plain and simple monotheism of the Hebrew Prophets, by intruding into it distinctions that are essentially polytheistic, and had their source, we have little doubt, in the refinements of sacerdotal speculation? For that the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Father of the New, we hold it impossible for any one to doubt, who has compared the two parts of the Bible with each other, and corrected them by the intervening links of thought that may be traced in the Apocrypha.—And why, we may ask, first, this gratuitous effort to put God at such a distance from us, and then, a recourse to this subtle machinery to bring Him back again, and place Him in living contact with our souls? Divines have gone to work like the lawyers.—They have made business for



themselves unnecessarily; they have entangled the plainest questions with a multiplicity of imaginary difficulties, and then reaped honour and profit from a solution of them. There is far more piety in a simple acceptance of the words of Paul, that "in God we all live and move, and have our being, and that he is not far from any one of us." Only the inward vision of the soul needs opening, to behold his presence with us continually. We then first behold Him clearly in Nature, when the Soul is conscious of Him within:—and the most effectual disclosure of Him to the inward sense, and the surest way of opening the soul to a perception of his living presence—is the exhibition of a human life filled with his spirit, doing his work, and moving in harmony with his laws. The life of a true prophet who unreservedly submits his entire being to the Divine will, and gives up his heart and devotes his life to its accomplishment, is the highest conceivable revelation of the infinite Mind.—Mr. Bushnell urges against some Unitarians—not altogether, we are of opinion, without reason—the extremely rhetorical language, in which, to justify their retention of orthodox phraseology, they still continue to speak of the superhuman virtue and absolute sinlessness of Christ. Virtue of this sort, he says, would cease to be human, and therefore be without efficacy or example. When we behold a God incarnate, the feeling is different; we are elevated by the contemplation of a spiritual ideal, and not disconcerted by a sense of its inapplicability. We cannot stay to argue this point with Mr. Bushnell, or we think it might be shown, that the moral power of Christ's life lies wholly in its coincidence with human sympathies, and that what it gains in the incommunicably divine, it must lose in the proper human. But we are anxious to remove from ourselves the charge of inconsistency that he has brought against others. The only perfection that we claim for Christ, is a human perfection—such a superiority to the weaknesses and sins, and such a triumph over the trials and temptations of life, as we can safely predicate of a human nature, wholly possessed by the power of religion, and down into its deepest consciousness united in perfect friendship and sympathy with God. Such—as we read and feel it—was the life of Christ. We desire nothing higher than a human virtue

for our guidance and consolation. It is as the prophet of Humanity, that we own and accept Christ with religious veneration. It is in this character that we are willing to bow our hearts to the sway of his spirit, and commit our lives to the pure and noble impulses of his god-like example.

After all, we must come to the incomprehensible at last—to that mysterious relationship which subsists in Christ, as the highest form of manhood, between the human and the divine. Only let us not force it on prematurely or unnecessarily. The finite and the infinite are really brought into no closer or more explicable union, on Mr. Bushnell's than on the Unitarian Hypothesis; and the language of Scripture which is supposed to call for this—not simply incomprehensible, but absolutely self-destructive, phenomenon—would be just as full of religious meaning, and express as deeply and solemnly the manifestation of the Divine *through* the Human—if accepted for the overflow of poetic fulness from a devout heart, as if compelled to find a rigid and literal interpretation in some objective reality. In truth, what acts upon and influences man's soul—what brings Deity and the blessed warmth and vital power of religion, home to every human bosom—comes to us with the same evidence and authority, and stands on precisely the same footing, as far as the divine presence in the midst of us is concerned—whether we recognize in Christ a Man filled and possessed to the inmost depths of heart and will with the intensest consciousness of union with the omnipresent God, or whether we suppose him the intermediate being, finite and infinite conjoined, compounded half of man and half of God, whose intervention, we are told, is necessary to bridge over the gulph between the seen and the unseen worlds. We can draw no other conclusion even from Mr. Bushnell's own words:—

“As to any metaphysical or speculative difficulties involved in the union of the divine and the human, I dismiss them all, by observing that Christ is not here for the sake of something accomplished in the metaphysical or psychological interior, but for that which appears and is outwardly signified in his life. And it is certainly competent for God to work out the expression of His own feeling,

and His union to the race, in what way most approves itself to Him. Regarding Christ in His exterior, and, as it were, æsthetic way, he is that Holy Thing in which my God is brought to me,—brought even down to a fellow relation with me. I shall not call him two. I shall not decompose him and label off his doings, one to the credit of his divinity, and another to the credit of his humanity. I shall receive him in the simplicity of faith, as my one Lord and Saviour, nor any the less so that he is my brother.” —P. 147.

We must be excused for calling this a kind of theologic vapouring. A man makes statements flagrantly at variance with overt phenomena, and when he is pressed with the consequences, he coolly tells us, he shall not offer any explanation, but only insist on the phenomena that are admitted as fully by ourselves as by him. Mere language—conceding it all the force that is contended for—(inasmuch as it admits of another solution) is no plea for the assumption of an astounding contradiction, which it appears after all has no effect on the ultimate results, and leaves them in the very same relation to the human soul, as if it had never been introduced.

The second discourse (on the Atonement)—delivered before the Divinity School in Harvard University—is the most elaborate of the three. But though it contains some fine and noble passages, it is blemished by a good deal of special pleading, and comes to no satisfactory conclusion. It is here that the principles which he has developed in his preliminary dissertation, for the use of symbolical language—are brought most freely into play. He cuts the doctrine of the Atonement into two corresponding halves—the *subjective* and the *objective* view. With a few exceptions, we accept almost entirely his statement of the former view, which he has set forth with great argumentative skill, and much felicity of illustration. The Atonement in its subjective sense—as here defined, is the deliverance of man through the new moral power brought into the world by Christ, from the enthrallment of sin. Expulsion of sin is the one great end of Christ's mediation; and this end is accomplished by making men feel, in the circumstances of his death, at once the sanctity of the moral law, and the mercy of God in relieving them from the

penalty of its violation. But we will let Mr. Bushnell be his own expositor:—

"Such a character [as Christ's] has, of necessity, an organic power. It enters into human thought and knowledge as a vital force: and since it is perfect, a vital force that cannot die or cease to work. It must of necessity organise a kingdom of life and reign. The ideas it has revealed, and the spirit it has breathed into the air, are quick and powerful, and must live till the world itself is no more. The same sun may shine above, the same laws of nature may reign about us, but the grand society of man embodies new elemental forces, and the capacity, at some time or other, of another and a glorious renovated state. The entering of one such perfect life into the world's history, changes, in fact, the consciousness of the race."—P. 185.

"Sin, once existing, becomes, and even must become, a corporate authority—a law or Ruling Power, in the world, opposite to God." —"To break the organic force of social evil, thus dominant over the race, Christ enters the world, bringing into human history, and incorporating in it as such, that which is Divine. The Life manifested in him becomes an historic power and presence in the world's bosom, organising there a new Society or Kingdom, called the Kingdom of Heaven, or sometimes the church. For the church is not a body of men holding certain dogmas, or maintaining, as men, certain theologic wars for God; but it is the Society of the Life, the Embodied Word. Thus it is expressly declared to be the body of Christ, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. Hence our blessed Lord, just before his passion, considering that now the organic force of evil was to be broken, said, now is the judgment of this world, now is the prince of this world cast out. The principedom of evil is dissolved—the eternal Life, manifested in the world, organises a new society of life, breaks the spell for ever of social evil, and begins a reign of truth and love that shall finally renew the world."—P. 188.

This subjective process, the power of which is ultimately resolvable into a profound influence on man's heart and will—is aided, according to our author, and stimulated into stronger action, by an *objective* representation—by the dramatising—as it were—of human relations towards God—which acts with an æsthetic force on the mind. We cannot indeed—he argues—give the dogmatic "equivalents of the life and death of Jesus Christ;" for the only real equivalent is the representation of the life itself.

"It is not absurd, however, to say something about the subject, if only we do not assume the adequacy of what we say:—we could offer some theoretical views of a tragedy, but our theoretic matter would not be the tragedy. No more can we set forth, as a real and proper equivalent, any theoretic matter of ours concerning the life and death of Jesus Christ, which is the highest and most moving tragedy ever acted in this mortal sphere; a tragedy distinguished in the fact that God is the chief character, and the divine feeling, moved in tragic earnest—Goodness Infinite manifested through Sorrow—the passion represented."—P. 184.

This reference to scenic effect is a favourite topic with Mr. Bushnell, and it is here that we find our point of divergency from his system. With us, the subjective impression—the state of mind produced towards Christ and God—is *everything*—the objective accompaniments of the case having no moral significance whatever, but as they take a colour from the reflexions of the mind itself. In Mr. Bushnell's view, the public death of Christ with the propitiatory ideas investing it, is something *ultimate*, pre-arranged and progressively led up to in the eternal order of Providence—the indispensable condition and immediate cause of the state of mind where the salvation of the Christian is to be found. With *us* the spiritual change originating in the mind of Christ and imparted through moral sympathy to other minds—gives all their value to the outward circumstances under which it was developed, and which can only so far be regarded as the subject of special appointment, that they occupy their fitting place in the comprehensive scheme of Providence. With *him*, the inward renovation takes its character from the occurrence of a particular event, and even depends on it for the possibility of existence. The distinction is a vital one. To our feelings, we must confess, there is something offensive, and out of harmony with the unobtrusive simplicity which marks the Divine dealings with mankind—in the notion so emphatically dwelt on by Mr. Bushnell—of God's getting up a grand spectacle for the sake of a calculated effect. We here see the certain consequence of seeking to place the efficacy of Christ's mediation on any other ground, than its action on human convictions and sympathies. Divines rush into the contradictory and im-

possible to account for that intercourse and union between God and Man, which is neither more nor less conceivable on one supposition than the other; and when they have thus cut off the channel of natural sympathy, they resort to the mystic spells of the imagination, and overwhelm the mind with a terrific display of the agony and bloody sweat and death-struggle of a God, at which earth trembles to her centre, and the sun hides his face for dismay. To us this reads like the poetry of a lingering heathenism in the traditions of Christianity. So the Greeks, when their national mind was first awakening to its moral consciousness, did not trust to the representation of simple humanity for dramatic effect, but brought heroes and demigods on the stage, that by the contemplation of their crimes and woes, the heart might receive a deeper impression and be awakened to a strange and awful sympathy. That such stimulants should be felt necessary, is conclusive evidence of the actual weakness of the moral sentiments. It indicates a time, when imagination was still more powerful than conscience.

With these views of the objective value of the Atonement, erroneous as we deem them in the main, a profound truth is collaterally blended, in the importance which the author justly attaches to every influence which is fitted to carry the mind out of itself. So far as the Atonement takes away the inducements to scrupulousness and morbid self-introspection, it works with beneficial effect. But the same result would follow—and we believe more perfectly—from any earnest surrender of the heart and will *immediately* to God. In the most favourable view, the doctrine of Atonement can only be regarded as a disciplinary process (inevitable it may be in certain conditions of mental advancement) to help the affections out of the bondage of anthropomorphic conceptions of God, into a purer service of freedom and love—all propitiatory obligations being henceforth cancelled by the one propitiation of Christ. There is a large element of truth in the following observation:—

“Christianity, set forth as a mere subjective, philosophic doctrine, would fail, just where all philosophies have failed. Instead of bringing us into the bosom of a divine culture, it would throw  
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us on a work of mere self-culture, producing, it may be, another sect of Pythagoreans, or another Academy somewhat more illustrious than the old, but scarcely a religion; for it is the distinction of a religion, that the soul adheres by faith, to being out of itself, and lays itself recumbently on causes which are not in its own superintendence."—P. 240.

Still more happily it is added in one short and pithy sentence—

"Any experience which drops out self, to be filled, guided, animated by God, is sure to be happy, free, and triumphant."—P. 243.

But we affirm *all* true religion has this effect. It is the test of its genuineness and reality.

The point which Mr. Bushnell has laboured with most care in his objective view of the Atonement, and which furnishes the main application of his theory of language—is the assumption, that a series of physical types or bases had been instituted from the beginning of the world, to create a phraseology capable of adaptation to the sufferings and death of Christ. This is only a modified expression of the type and antitype of the early interpreters of prophecy. Speaking of sacrifice, he says—

"There is a certain forelooking in this ritual, and then, when Christ appears, a certain retrospection, one answering to the other, one preparing words and symbols to express the other, and a beautiful and even artistic correspondence kept up, such as argues invention, plan, appointment, and indicates a Divine Counsel present, connecting the remote ages of time, and weaving them together into a compact and well-adjusted whole. And if the redemption of man is the great work of the world, that in which all existences here find their highest moment, as most assuredly it is, then what may better occupy the wisdom and the greatness of God, than the preparation of so great a work?"—P. 201. Compare also pp. 42 and 236.

Much stress is also laid on the mysterious efficacy attached by ancient notions to the blood of sacrifices, as if there were a latent reference in the dim feeling respecting it, to some great provision in the Divine economy of the world, and to the more precious blood that was destined



to be ultimately shed on Calvary. That such ideas were widely diffused throughout antiquity, cannot be denied. But we put a different construction on them from Mr. Bushnell. We read their history in quite a reverse order. What he regards as specific and exceptional, we view as universal and inevitable. We do not believe heathenism borrowed its notions and its practices from revelation; but we are convinced by the clearest testimonies of the past, that the development of the religious sentiment among the Hebrews and all other ancient nations—notwithstanding certain vital distinctions between the two—has been exposed to common influences, and presents in consequence many parallel phenomena.\* It would be easy to show that the language of Scripture respecting sacrifice, has had its roots in the same anthropomorphic conception of Deity, which everywhere pervades the religion of the earliest ages. Sacrifices at first were for the most part eucharistic or propitiatory. As moral ideas blended themselves more intimately with the religious sentiment, they became piacular: and when human legislation enacted fines and punishments for the commission of sins, on a principle of apparent equivalence—the same notions were transferred to man's relations with God, and the doctrines of satisfaction, and even of vicarious satisfaction or substitution, found their way into theology. The costliness of the oblation measured the enormity of the offence. Whatever was most precious—what man himself could not replace, if once destroyed—what was looked upon as the special gift of God—it was thought, must be most acceptable to Him as a sacrifice. Hence the value of blood, inasmuch as "the life is in the blood." To be sprinkled with it, was regarded as a peculiar means of purification. When such ideas were taken up by popular fanaticism, and pushed to excess in the decline of heathenism—they led to the disgusting rites of the Taurobolia and Criobolia, which have furnished Prudentius with a subject for one of his most revolting pictures.† The certain effect

\* On the mystic significance assigned to blood in the sacrificial rites of different religions, there are some instructive observations in *Le Maître's Soirées de Petersbourg*, tom. ii. *Essai sur les Sacrifices*.

† Van Dale, *De Origine ac Ritibus Sacri Taurobolii*, c. iii.

of the wide diffusion of such ideas and usages, was a current religious phraseology respecting human intercourse with the Deity, which was gradually systematised by those who superintended the religion of the people. We have long felt, that much of Paul's language on this subject is imperfectly comprehended by us, in consequence of its manifold but unperceived allusions to a subtle theology that had been developed in the more learned schools of his countrymen. A phraseology so prevalent as this, could not be all at once cast aside—especially as the ideas which it had generated and fostered, had grown into the very substance of the popular creed, and mingled with every new impression it received. This was equally the case with the Heathens and with the Jews. With so obvious an explanation of the origin of these forms of speech, why should we seek for any other? Simply because an application has been made of them to the case of Christ? Yet this could not have been otherwise—considering the new relation in which he was believed to have placed men towards God—considering also the resistless desire of his earliest followers to avert from his ignominious death the repelling influences associated with it, and to invest it with the mystical efficacy which, with the prepossessions of their education, it was impossible for them to detach from it. But though such association was perhaps inevitable—nay, in the first instance might even be necessary as a conduit for truth into the mind—by its artificial preservation and that vast accumulation of theological refinements, of which it has been made the nucleus, it has obscured instead of unfolding, the true value of the death of Christ. The objective, has been set up as an indispensable counterpart to the subjective, view—and a significance distinct from the purely moral and spiritual has been attached to it. And yet if the subjective view, as developed by Mr. Bushnell himself, were to acquire in any mind its utmost spiritual force, the objective elements of the doctrine would hang very loosely on the interior belief, with little more of adhesiveness than a simple figure of rhetoric. All that was primitive and characteristic in those elements, would be felt to require explanation and apology—and whatever influence they might still retain, would not be moral, but due to long-established association, acting on the feelings

and imagination, but with no direct effect on the conscience. The old theory of Atonement, which, in his objective view, Mr. Bushnell substantially receives, though he dresses it up in the newest fashion of philosophical diction—involves a vicious circle of reasoning. The old sacrifices, it is said, show what was meant by the death of Christ; and the death of Christ gives a spiritual meaning to the old sacrifices. But we cannot interchange these terms at will—taking sometimes the one and sometimes the other, as a *datum*. We must assume one of them as fixed, and abide by it. If we start from the old sacrifices, and limit our views to them, we have not the slightest reason for regarding them in any other light, than an expression of anthropomorphic feeling towards God. If, on the other hand, we begin with Christ's death,—and survey it by itself as an historical event—apart from the language which popular conceptions have associated with it—we discern in it nothing mystical, but something far higher—the spirit of noble-minded martyrdom—of self-sacrifice to truth and duty—and of unreserved and confiding devotedness to the Divine Will. But on the ordinary theory, the terms of comparison—type and anti-type—like bankrupt merchants, draw on each other with fictitious bills, for a wealth of significance which is to be found with neither.

To us the most pleasing and satisfactory of all the Discourses is the last. To its general spirit and tendency we give our almost unqualified assent. We should merely embrace within the less favourable designation of Dogma, and exclude from the essentials of Religion—some things which the author would retain under the milder name of Doctrine. The distinction between the religion of the heart and the religion of the head—so often misunderstood—is well put and strikingly illustrated—though with obvious amplification of a familiar line in Pope—in the following passage :—

“In this matter of head and heart, you may figure the head or understanding, it seems to me, as being that little plate of wood hung upon the stern of the vessel, that very small helm by which the ship is turned about, whithersoever the governor listeth. But the heart is the full deep body of the ship itself, with its sails lifted to the breath of a divine inspiration, containing in itself the wealth,

the joy, and all the adventuring passions, wants and fears of the soul. In a certain superficial sense, you may say that the helm is everything, because by that, so great a body is so bravely steered and turned about in the sea. And the man at the helm may fancy, too, that he is the moving and directing cause of all. But look again, and you shall see how foolish a thing this little piece of wood may be; for when the wind sleeps, when the great heart of the ship receives no inspiring breath, then how idly does it swing from side to side, as a vain and silly thing! It is by the love of the heart only that we know God. Here is all inspiration, all true motion and power. And when the great heart of faith is not parting the waves of life before it, and rushing on to its haven, the busy understanding is but a vain and idle thing, swinging round and round with an addled motion, whose actions and re-actions are equal, and which, therefore, profit nothing."—P. 302.

This is the tone of Cudworth and the old Latitudinarians.—In the Spirit which Mr. Bushnell would fain substitute for Dogma—we trace the rising of that finer element of faith and love, in which the now divided Churches of the earth are destined hereafter to unite and co-operate, and in which he will himself—we are sure—have to part with some peculiarities which he still clings to as essentials. It was not their rejection of his own reserved dogmas of the Incarnation and the Atonement, that made the older Unitarians less susceptible to the impulse and breathing of this quickening spirit; nor will their resumption of them bring the Unitarians of the present day more deeply and decidedly under its influence. It was the antagonism of inevitable rationalism against the metaphysics of orthodoxy, that superinduced this cold intervening phasis of the religious life in both parties—the preponderance of logical caution, and a dread of those warm and earnest spiritual feelings towards God and Christ and a Heavenly Life, which they sometimes saw artificially excited in connection with the orthodox dogmas, but which will really become purer and more intense, when disjoined from every dogmatic form. Still, we agree with Mr. Bushnell, that sectarian divisions of opinion may yet have work to accomplish in healthfully developing the true kingdom of God—and that so long as one deep, discriminating or repellent conviction subsists at the heart of any party—every forced amalgamation of disagreeing elements—every com-

promise of principles felt to be vital—is to be strongly deprecated. There will be silent, ceaseless, irresistible growth and expansion on all hands, so long as men are honest and fearless, and faithful to themselves. From his own standing-point, each will advance unconsciously towards the common centre of truth and peace. Before they are aware, men from divers quarters will find themselves in proximity, and embrace. Ashamed and grieved that they should have been so long estranged, they will break the fetters that once held them apart, and out of the very links of their former bondage, weave the bright chain of Christian brotherhood around the united family of God.

## ART. II.—IN MEMORIAM.

*In Memoriam.* London: Moxon. 1850.

SUCH is the mystic title-page of a remarkable volume. No explanatory hint is added with the exception of these few words and letters, which following a prefatory hymn face the collection of elegiac poems of which the book consists: *In Memoriam A. H. H. Obiit. MDCCCXXXIII.* From internal evidence, and we suppose from direct knowledge, all the literary authorities agree in affirming that the mourner is Alfred Tennyson, and the mourned Arthur Hallam, the son of the Historian.

When grief seeks the expression of poetry, it has ceased to be a cry out of the anguished heart. While the fancy, imagination, and invention are dealing with such themes, and mechanic skill adapting the forms of unpliant words, the diverted affections must have stopped their bleeding. Time at least must have lent its healing, and the Sorrow, no more an agony of bereavement or passion, have passed into the perhaps holier form of a spiritual influence, a sentiment, a worship. Its object is translated, the sense of daily loss has been gradually softened, the memories of earth have become the hopes of heaven, and wear only spiritual looks, and speak only spiritual words. It is the soul that now communes with grief, and no longer the unshielded heart. It is necessary to remember this in our perusal of '*In Memoriam*,' else a sensitive mind may be in danger of revolt and disgust at its appearance of fondling and making much of sorrow. The poems seem to have been written at intervals extending over the seventeen years which have elapsed since the death of the poet's friend. In that time grief has ceased to be a pang, and has become an aspiration and a worship: and the friend, not lost but invisible, no more felt as belonging to earth yet with all his personal relations preserved, has become one of the spiritual influences of God. In such a frame the heart, having had time to adapt itself to the altered conditions of place, intercourse, and bodily relation, has risen into a holy contentment with all that is left to it,—

more perhaps than what was taken away,—with the faiths and contemplations of the soul and the spiritual imagination. We are not sure that this theory will apply to every part of 'In Memoriam.' Certainly the mere fancy seems at work at a time when from the recency of bereavement we should wish the heart alone to be at liberty to speak. When Horace invokes the precious ship that carries through the Mediterranean his dear friend, the living Virgil, we expect the poet's imagination to be as free as the breeze,—yet to us there seems more heart in the protest against the impious boldness of mankind, which disregarding the divine barrier of disuniting Ocean has borne away from him the half of his own life in the person of his friend, than in the imaginative strains with which the modern poet salutes the ship that over the same Mediterranean bears the unburied corpse of his friend to its grave at home. It is difficult to conceive that the heart could so soon bear to give itself to the contemplation of the images which the fancy so exquisitely supplies:—

“ Fair ship, that from the Italian shore,  
Saiest the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain; a favourable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, thro' early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love.”

There are no less than eight poems addressed to this ship, and most of them of a wonderful beauty, yet so full of the untroubled suggestions of fancy, and of the finest observation of external nature, and so elaborately wrought



by the poetic art, that one is induced to believe, indeed to hope, that the chronology of the events is not the same with the chronology of the compositions ; and that though now arranged in the order of time, the poems are not the records of the very feelings of the first anguished hours. We confess to a start of repulsion, and a wonder how any man's heart could dwell upon the image or offer it to another, when in the opening of the volume the old Yew over the tombstone is introduced for no higher purpose, for what follows is but a gloomy unspiritual dirge, than to show us the fibres netting the dreamless head, and the roots wrapped about the bones. This surely is an untender abuse of power, a needless wound to the heart. In the same way we cannot all at once sympathize with the poet's contemplation of the wreck of the vessel that carries the corpse, and of the "sea-change" on the body of his friend buried beneath the waves, nor with his ascription of it at that moment to a foolish, home-bred fancy, that it would be sweeter to our hearts that it should rest beneath the clover-sod. Yet what a living mind, what a variety of thought, sympathy, and power, is in this short poem !—

" I hear the noise about thy keel ;  
 I hear the bell struck in the night ;  
 I see the cabin-window bright ;  
 I see the sailor at the wheel.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife  
 And travell'd men from foreign lands :  
 And letters unto trembling hands ;  
 And thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him : we have idle dreams :  
 This look of quiet flatters thus  
 Our home-bred fancies : O to us,  
 The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,  
 That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
 The chalice of the grapes of God ;

Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine ;  
And hands so often clasped in mine,  
Should toss with tangle and with shells."—P. 15.

The "chalice of the grapes of God," is a remarkable, perhaps not a justifiable, expression, to indicate the village worshippers taking the sacramental cup around the altar-rail, but it shows the Poet's power, and aim at exact truthfulness of description, for there are other intimations through the volume that his friend lay buried in the chancel: and this in itself is proof that the poem was an after-thought. The volume is full of such fine links and harmonies as connect this and the preceding line, evidently suggested by the truth of facts, with the deep pathos of the following poem, in a much later part of the book :—

"When on my bed the moonlight falls,  
I know that in thy place of rest,  
By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls ;  
  
Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years.  
  
The mystic glory swims away ;  
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;  
And closing eaves of wearied eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :  
  
And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the chancel like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."—P. 92.

We must give another of these exquisite poems addressed to the ship that carries the corpse, indicating, as we think, that before it could have been written, the strong grief of the torn heart had become a quiet theme for the contemplative imagination. The poet's soul leaves his body, and hovers like a bird round the death-freighted vessel.

"Lo! as a dove, when up she springs  
 To bear through Heaven a tale of woe,  
 Some dolorous message knit below  
 The wild pulsation of her wings;  
 Like her I go: I cannot stay;  
 I leave this mortal ark behind,  
 A weight of nerves without a mind,  
 And leave the cliffs and haste away  
 O'er ocean mirrors rounded large,  
 And reach the glow of southern skies,  
 And see the sails at distance rise,  
 And linger weeping on the marge,  
 And saying: 'Comes he thus, my friend?  
 Is this the end of all my care?'  
 And circle moaning in the air:  
 'Is this the end? Is this the end?'  
 And forward dart again, and play  
 About the prow, and back return  
 To where the body sits, and learn,  
 That I have been an hour away."

Whilst this melancholy ship is on her voyage the poet's  
 thoughts are with her on her track. But there seems to  
 us some unreality in the "fancies which aver," whether  
 the day is calm or stormy,

"That all thy motions gently pass  
 Athwart a plane of molten glass."

The pathos of this picture of the calm day, the calm  
 sea, and the calm dead, cannot be exceeded. How won-  
 derfully is the stillness, and the very air and feeling of an  
 autumn morning, made present to us by the image of the  
 falling chesnut!

"Calm is the morn without a sound,  
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
 And only through the faded leaf  
 The chesnut pattering to the ground:  
 Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
 And on these dews that drench the furze,  
 And all the silvery gossamers  
 That twinkle into green and gold:

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main :

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep."—P. 17.

There are many confessions throughout the volume that it is not the true expression of the poet's grief, but rather a mechanical attempt to relieve it, to deaden the bitterness of the heart-sorrow by calling in all the powers of the intellect, and even that skill which deals with the artificial structure of verse, to bear a part of the burden and take the strain off the affections. There are times when though faithful nature could not bear another task or another contemplation, it yet need not sit vacant and passive under the weight of woe, and the spirit can now exert itself on the calamity that before crushed it. Still we must confess that, even on this hypothesis, there is in this volume too much of the luxury of woe, too much of a fond and wilful dwelling on its circumstance, and too little of the holy and peaceable fruits to the heart that is exercised thereby. We have indeed the distinct statement that he writes not to utter his grief, but to divert the mind from the sense of pain.

" I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel ;  
For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies ;  
The sad mechanic exercise  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
 But that large grief which these enfold  
 Is given in outline, and no more."—P. 5.

In another place, he says that his spirit can find relief in words only when the tides of his grief are not full. This he illustrates by some exquisite imagery. His friend, it would appear, lies buried by the banks of the Wye, which murmurs past his grave ; but it is silenced, like his more tranquil sorrow, when the waves of the mighty deep rush in and overwhelm it. Each audibly trickles again, only when the swelling waters have subsided. For the full enjoyment of the poem we have only to remember that his friend died at Vienna.

" The Danube to the Severn gave  
 The darken'd heart that beat no more ;  
 They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
 And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a-day the Severn fills,  
 The salt sea-water passes by,  
 And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
 And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along ;  
 And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
 When filled with tears that cannot fall,  
 I brim with sorrow, drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again  
 Is vocal in its wooded walls :  
 My deeper anguish also falls,  
 And I can speak a little then."—P. 32.

The same feeling is expressed under very different, but not less perfect, Imagery, in the next poem.

"The lesser griefs that may be said,  
 That breathe a thousand tender vows,  
 Are but as servants in a house,  
 Where lies the master newly dead ;

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the mind :  
' It will be hard,' they say, ' to find  
Another service such as this.'

My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win ;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

For by the hearth the children sit,  
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,  
And scarce endure to draw a breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
' How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.' "—P. 34.

Sometimes indeed there seems a resoluteness in his  
mourning, a retention of it by the will.

" Still onward winds the dreary way ;  
I with it ; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say."—P. 43.

But this is always accompanied by a protest, that these  
flying shades of the inner darkness must not be mistaken  
for the realities of the unspoken agony.

" If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
Were taken to be such as closed  
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,  
Then these were such as men might scorn :

Her care is not to part and prove ;  
She takes, when harsher moods remit,  
What slender shade of doubt may flit,  
And makes it vassal unto love :

And hence, indeed, she sports with words ;  
But better serves a wholesome law,  
And holds it sin and shame to draw  
The deepest measure from the chords :

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
 But rather loosens from the lip,  
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
 Their wings in tears, and skim away."—P. 70.

He is conscious that he will be upbraided for a selfish indulgence in the luxury of woe ;—and his defence is not of a very spiritual order ; he must yield to the instincts of feeling, and obey nature like the birds. One plea he puts in, in mitigation of judgment on his abandonment to his mood, which it will be well to regard,—that only those should be his judges who have shared his experience and know his case.

"I sing to him who rests below,  
 And since the grasses round me wave,  
 I take the grasses of the grave,  
 And make them pipes whereon to blow.  
 The traveller hears me now and then,  
 And sometimes harshly will he speak ;  
 ' This fellow would make weakness weak,  
 And melt the waxen hearts of men.'  
 Another answers, ' Let him be,  
 He loves to make parade of pain,  
 That with his piping he may gain  
 The praise that comes to constancy.'  
 A third is wroth, ' Is this an hour  
 For private sorrow's barren song,  
 When more and more the people throng  
 The chairs and thrones of civil power ?  
 ' A time to sicken and to swoon,  
 When science reaches forth her arms  
 To feel from world to world, and charms  
 Her secret from the latest moon ?'  
 Behold, ye speak an idle thing :  
 Ye never knew the sacred dust :  
 I do but sing because I must,  
 And pipe but as the linnets sing :  
 And unto one her note is gay,  
 For now her little ones have ranged ;  
 And unto one her note is changed,  
 Because her brood is stolen away."—P. 36.



We shall set down in order the few particulars which the volume itself enables us to collect, of the friendship whose earthly interruption it deplures.

It was not of long life, nor had it its roots in Childhood. It was only of four years' duration, if we are not taking this elegy too literally.

“The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :  
And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May :  
But where the path we walked began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;  
Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and cold ;  
And wrapped thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip ;  
And bore thee where I could not see,  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste ;  
And think that somewhere in the waste,  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.”—P. 38.

But though thus short its intensity was not unnatural ; for it seems to have had its origin in the noblest springs of youthful faith, when two minds, enthusiastic, pure, and richly gifted, strengthen in each other the holy aspirations which no experiences of men, and no failures of virtue in themselves, have yet dishonoured. A friendship that began and had all its being in that golden light of life may well consecrate the heart for ever. Its birth could not have been very remote from the genial remembrances here recorded.

“I past beside the reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown ;  
I roved at random through the town,  
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

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And heard once more in college fanes  
 The storm their high-built organs make,  
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
 The prophets blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
 The measured pulse of racing oars  
 Among the willows ; paced the shores  
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
 The same, but not the same ; and last  
 Up that long walk of limes I past  
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
 I linger'd ; all within was noise  
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
 That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

Where once we held debate, a band  
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
 And labour, and the changing mart,  
 And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
 But send it slackly from the string ;  
 And one would pierce an outer ring,  
 And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he  
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point with power and grace,  
 And music in the bounds of law,  
 To those conclusions when we saw  
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;  
 And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo."—P. 127.

The friendship begun at College was made more dear

and intimate in the intercourses of a home in the country,  
when Arthur was the poet's guest.

“Witch-elsms that counterchange the floor  
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright :  
And thou, with all thy breadth and height  
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;  
How often, hither wandering down,  
My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
And shook to all the liberal air  
The dust and din and steam of town :  
He brought an eye for all he saw ;  
He mixt in all our simple sports ;  
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts  
And dusky purlieus of the law.  
O joy to him in this retreat,  
Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
To drink the cooler air, and mark  
The landscape winking through the heat :  
O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !  
O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :  
Or in the all-golden afternoon  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the harp and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon.”

The “happy sister” was to have been the bond of their  
love. How beautifully this is told, and how lovely the  
vision of this life of related companionship !

“When I contemplate all alone,  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown ;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
 A central warmth diffusing bliss  
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
 On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;  
 For now the day was drawing on,  
 When thou should'st link thy life with one  
 Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled ' Uncle ' on my knee ;  
 But that remorseless iron hour  
 Made cyress of her orange flower,  
 Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,  
 To clap their cheeks, to call them mine,  
 I see their unborn faces shine  
 Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honoured guest,  
 Thy partner in the flowery walk  
 Of letters, genial table-talk,  
 Of deep dispute, and graceful jest :

While now thy prosperous labour fills  
 The lips of men with honest praise,  
 And sun by sun the happy days  
 Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;  
 And all the train of bounteous hours  
 Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
 To reverence and the silver hair :

\* \* \* \* \*

What reed was that on which I leant ?  
 Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
 The old bitterness again, and break  
 The low beginnings of content."—P. 116.

The poet refuses to give any description of his lost friend ; partly from the hopeless difficulty of conveying in words the impressions produced by personal power and converse ; and partly in natural shrinking from that coldness of the world " which credits what is done," but has

little care for unfulfilled promise, though it was Death that broke the earthly performance which is going on somewhere else. But he is not always able to retain this distrustful silence. We give one of several attempts to communicate the peculiar presence of his friend:—

“ Heart—affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry ;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro’ all the Muses’ walk ;  
  
Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of man ;  
Impassion’d logic which outran  
The hearer in its fiery course ;  
  
High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch’d with no ascetic gloom ;  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro’ all the years of April blood ;  
  
A love of freedom rarely felt,  
Of freedom in her regal seat  
Of England, not the schoolboy heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;  
  
And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine  
And find his comfort in thy face ;  
  
All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
Have look’d on : if they look’d in vain  
My shame is greater who remain,  
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.”—P. 168.

Some of the most touching poems in the volume, for all have had the experience that inspired them, are those which celebrate the return of anniversaries after the death of one with whom all their joy and all their hope had been interwoven. We have the records of at least three Christmas days, and they mark the spiritual stages of grief. The first is but a patient, all enduring concession to custom: the holy emblems do not yet sway the

heart, though the pious will consents to lift the consecrated signs :—

“ With such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

Which brings no more a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight,  
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont  
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,  
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;  
Why should they miss their yearly due  
Before their time ? They too will die.”—P. 47.

The next Christmas, the outward calm is recovered, and the tears dried, but there sleeps at the heart, “ the quiet sense of something lost :” on the last, whose record we have, the spiritual Hope is quite in the ascendant. Christ, and all who slept in him, are alive that day ; and comforted Sorrow has become ardent, longing, perhaps impatient, Faith. The dirge of death gives place to the hymn of confidence : and the heart of the reader, somewhat oppressed by the long melancholy, rejoices at last to have the claims of Earth and Heaven harmonized in the trustfulness of love and expectation. It is finely marked by the incidents of domestic history appearing in the poem, that this effect had been aided by the liberation from overpowering associations consequent on a change of dwelling. The old bells, now heard no more, had tones that could recal only one set of feelings. The change of scene has helped to break the bond of use, and give the Future its rightful power.

“Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And antient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.”—P. 163.

The deepest interest of these poems is in the strivings of the spirit to hold converse with the dead, to conceive aright the nature of the unseen ties that may still connect the loving and faithful of each world, and through the heart



to reason against and set aside the fear of widening separation between souls in different conditions of existence, and subject perhaps to different laws and measures of spiritual growth. There is much curiosity, both of a physical and of a moral kind, which simple love should silence, taking her own trusts and prophecies as sufficient for her confidence, as Mary was satisfied to ask no questions of Lazarus, of his four days' sojourn beyond mortality, in her full contentment with his presence, and that of the holy Love which gave him back.

" Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?"—P. 51.

There is no more common trepidation of the heart, than that new and inconceivable modes of existence may so deprive us of all fellowship "in the links that bind the changes" of the dead, that never can we be truly mated again. The fear belongs to the speculative, not to the spiritual nature. It is powerfully put in one of these poems, and nobly answered in the next.

" I vex my heart with fancies dim :  
He still outstript me in the race ;  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,  
And he the much-beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows ?"—P. 64.

Love indeed is the only condition of intercourse, and so he speaks his confidence out of the noble trusts of the heart :—

" I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more."

Nor does Love fear the holiness of God's sainted ones. How noble, how truly Christian and trustful, is this vindication of the boldness of earthly affection, even through much consciousness of failure, weakness, and sin, to meet the inspecting eye of the righteous dead. The heart suggests no fears, so long as the will is loyal, and the aspiration that admits us to God, cannot be rejected by any that stand between us and Him.

" Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side ?  
Is there no baseness we would hide ?  
No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden shame,  
And I be lessened in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?  
There must be wisdom with great Death ;  
The dead shall look me thro' and thro' !

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger, other, eyes than ours  
To make allowance for us all."—P. 73.

Again how true to love, and therefore to God, is the strong desire for personal identity and recognition, though compelled to struggle with spiritual trusts and weapons against some of nature's signs of individual decay ! There is something spiritual even in the constancy with which he clings to the "eternal form" that shall still individualize, "divide the eternal soul from all beside," as a protest and protection against the heartless mockery of any "remerging in the general Soul."

"The wish that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave ;  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering every where  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear ;

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope through darkness up to God ;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."—P. 79.

The fears and doubts that issue out of the perishableness of our bodies and the sins of our souls, are worthily extinguished by the cries of the heart, and the prophecies of the spirit, accredited by Faith as God's own voice and word. That faith is itself not the evidence, but the reality of a divine nature in us.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold ! we know not anything ;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off— at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
An infant crying in the night :  
An infant crying for the light :  
And with no language but a cry."—P. 77.

This subservience of Knowledge to Faith appears from first to last as the Poet's confidence, for he every where takes the knowledge of the Heart as that margin of experience, of real contact with God, which gives strength and ground to trust the infinite unknown. Thus in the prefatory poem :—

" Our little systems have their day ;  
They have their day and cease to be :  
They are but broken lights of thee,—  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of things we see ;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster."

And the volume is closed and rounded with the same sentiment, that Faith grows out of Knowledge, and that Knowledge is Wisdom only when culminating in Faith.

"Half grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
 She cannot fight the fear of death.  
 What is she, cut from love and faith,  
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst  
 All barriers in her onward race  
 For power. Let her know her place;  
 She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,  
 If all be not in vain; and guide  
 Her footsteps, moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
 O, friend, who camest to thy goal  
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
 Who grewest not alone in power  
 And knowledge, but from hour to hour  
 In reverence and in charity."—P. 177.

How truly religious is this noble affirmation of the rights  
 of the Heart to have its experiences and testimonies taken  
 for the holy pledges of God!

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
 I heard a voice, 'Believe no more,'  
 And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
 The freezing reason's colder part,  
 And like a man in wrath the heart  
 Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'"—P. 191.

The progress of individual man and of the race, and the  
 successive changes even of the inanimate earth through  
 the slow periods of geology, are all signs to the poet's  
 heart of God's full intention to fulfil the longings after  
 perfection, the prophetic intimations of the nature He has  
 given. We have the earnest of His spirit; and such are  
 the proofs with which Religion deals: all else is sense or  
 science. And this faith touches all the springs of indi-

vidual effort, for unless we co-operate with God's spirit where can be our confidence that we are born to such hopes? All the inferences we may trace from the course of Providence are for us null and void, until we partake of the creative spirit, and feel the force of Christ's axiom, "My father worketh, and I work." It is only the consciousness that there is no answering reality within, that could dim the prophecies of man's future blessedness and perfection.

"Contemplate all this work of Time,  
The giant labouring in his youth ;  
Nor dream of human love and truth,  
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;  
But trust that those we call the dead,  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever noble ends. They say  
The solid earth whereon we tread  
In tracts of fluent heat began,  
And grew to seeming random forms,  
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
Till at the last arose the man ;  
Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,  
The herald of a higher race,  
And of himself in higher place,  
If so he type this work of time  
Within himself, from more to more ;  
And crown'd with attributes of woe  
Like glories, move his course, and show  
That life is not as idle ore,  
But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears ;  
And dipp'd in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom  
To shape and use. Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."—P. 183.

This faith can spiritually subdue all the outward and material evidences of decay and annihilation—the worm

and the grave, but it cannot subdue the hunger of the heart for renewed personal communication. If it could, indeed, it would subdue the heart itself, the basis of Faith, for what redemption of His pledges could God owe to us, if it could become to us a matter of indifference whether our affections fed on phantoms or realities? It is unsatisfied desire that promises the future.

"I wage not any feud with Death  
For changes wrought on form and face;  
No lower life that earth's embrace  
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,  
From state to state the spirit walks;  
And these are but the shatter'd stalks  
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
The use of virtue out of earth;  
I know transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak  
The wrath that garners in my heart;  
He put our lives so far apart  
We cannot hear each other speak."—P. 112.

The sentiment of the last verse, somewhat impatiently and rebelliously expressed, under the influence of time and faith assumes towards the close of the volume this chastened and perfect form:—

"The face will shine  
Upon me, while I muse alone;  
The dear, dear voice that I have known  
Will speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
For days of happy commune dead;  
Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
*Than some strong bond which is to be.*"

There are two pieces which we wish to bring into immediate connection: the difference between all earthly partings and that parting which places the great gulf of death



between us and our friend ; and the spiritual qualifications  
for any feeling of communion with the dead :—

“ Could we forget the widow'd hour  
And look on Spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessings she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office then to rear, to teach,  
Becoming as is meet and fit  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruits  
In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
How often shall her old fire-side  
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
Till even those that miss'd her most,  
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low ;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.”

---

“ How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold  
Should be the man whose thought would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
 The spirits from their golden day,  
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
 My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
 Imaginations calm and fair,  
 The memory like a cloudless air,  
 The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,  
 And doubt beside the portal waits,  
 They can but listen at the gates  
 And hear the household jar within."

We must draw these extracts to a close. We had designed to say much more of our own, but as we turned the pages something exquisite forced itself upon us and extinguished our thought. We do not regret this. The best review of such a book is that which will draw the reader into some sympathy with the spirit which, out of such circumstances, breathes such sweetness and sacredness. The key-note of the whole is struck at the beginning:—

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
 I feel it when I sorrow most;  
 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
 Than never to have loved at all."\*

And the same sentiment seeks strength to sustain and justify itself in the last prayer:—

"O living will that shalt endure  
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
 Rise in the spiritual rock,  
 Flow through our deeds and make them pure,  
 That we may lift from out the dust  
 A voice as unto him that hears,  
 A cry above the conquer'd years  
 To one that with us works, and trust

\* These lines remind us of Monckton Milnes', than whom none has developed more worthily the Religion of Sorrow. The coincidence of the words that form the rhyme is curious:—

"He who for Love hath undergone  
 The worst that can befall,  
 Is happier thousand-fold than one  
 Who never loved at all."

With faith that comes of self-control  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul."—P. 201.

There is added to the volume a *Marriage Lay* ; but the old strain returns at the remembrance of another marriage that was to have been : and when through those fair portals he beholds the unspoiled Future, and the unborn races that in the long succession of the ages are to have their origin in Love, and God giving with every new generation a new hope and a new trial to mankind, his faith in the far-off Perfection, which would seem thus secured, is still strengthened by the remembrance of what has been :—

"Whereof the man, that with me trod  
This planet, was a noble type  
Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God,  
That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

ART. III.—A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ANTIENT GREECE.

*A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By William Mure, of Caldwell. Vols. 1-3. London : Longmans. 1850.

THE Poet and the Poet-lover, are certainly very different persons from the critic and the critic-lover. The former bear to the latter the same relation that the spiritualist or religious man does to the Theologian, or the accomplished Physician to the skilful Anatomist and operator. Judgment is essential to perfection in the originator, but the perfect originator will not be fond of judging. The creative and the critical faculties, though the existence of the last be necessary to the perfection of the first, never find co-ordinate expression, without being mutually injurious. The great Poet must be a great Critic, but he sits in judgment on others for his own benefit, not for theirs, or for that of the public. He treasures up the results of his judgment, but he does not express them—except in the indirect way which occasions his avoidance of some things, and his cultivation of others, in his own works. In the proportion in which Aristotle was the Prince of Critics, and Homer the Prince of Poets, would one have found it impossible to be the other. This would not prevent Aristotle from writing Poetry, or Homer from pronouncing his opinion on the defects and excellences of past or contemporaneous poetry. The existence of a certain amount of power in these directions would be essential to the perfection of the specific genius of each, but a large expression of this power in either direction, must have injured completeness in the other. Horace is one of the few great Poets who has signalized himself as a publishing Critic of Poetry; and even in him, the criticism which he offers seems to confirm the general truth of these remarks, because it was more a self-revelation than anything else—a declaration of those rules which he felt should regulate his own judgment and action as a Poet, and which (having

evolved them for his own use) he was thus enabled to apply to the critical measure of others. The poetical faculty then must exist in the successful critic, and the critical faculty in the successful poet, but they must be entirely subordinate to the more absorbing and specific object of each—and seek but a secondary expression: for the poetical temperament is averse to critical employment, inasmuch as this employment is the opposite to itself, is eminently uncreative, and lives upon the life of others. Thus the two faculties, in great prominence, destroy each other. As Southey began to write more reviews, he necessarily began to write fewer poems. He thought it was because the fire of his youth was cooling by the progress of time: it was really, because from necessity he had been calling into exercise a set of faculties and feelings, which were counteractive, and, indeed, eventually destructive of poetry. No doubt the observer might have seen the marks of the critical faculty in full play upon the brow and mouth of Shakespeare, as he listened to some Drama of another author, but the *expression* which his judgment found, was in the indirect, but positive form of his own Plays. Even the clever scenes of the actors and the introduced play in "Hamlet," in which the Poet is the critic, we feel to be something of a trespass upon the idealism of the rest. Poor Byron was never less a Poet—had the genial, all-embracing, all-apprehending spirit of a Poet never less—than when he thought himself most of a critic. Thus therefore in all past time, and we suppose in all future, the great poets will stand on one shelf, the great critics on another.

Obvious as this distinction has ever practically been, it has to be much more widely applied than it has hitherto been, before the principle it involves will be fully understood. It lies at the root of many of the mistakes that some men are now making, and many of the sorrows that other men are now suffering, in the region of religious thought. Foreseeing the certainty of many of these, unless provided against, we have long been earnestly deprecating the tendency to confound critical with real theology—the subject-matter of religion with the science of its exposition. While we have observed writer after writer

placing the whole burden, the very existence, of religion upon the authenticity, genuineness, and inspiration of a certain collection of books, admitting, nay asserting with all the intensity of entire conviction, that there was no communion of the Spirit of God with man, no revelation made to his soul, no certainty in duty, no assurance of immortality, unless these books proceeded from the exact age and quarter, and in the exact manner predicated—we always lamented the rashness of this folly, and trembled for the result in matters of the highest possible moment to man. We saw in these critical questions much most importantly connected with the subject-matter of religion, but much more that was entirely separate and distinct from it. We never rested the existence of religion on their settlement, one way or the other. We were ready to meet, to avail ourselves of, and to consider the results, whatever they might be, for the service, the advancement, and the better assurance of religion, but never to subject religion to them. We saw that the logical faculty was not the only portion of our nature that was to be consulted in the matter of religion, and therefore were by no means prepared to adopt in their solitariness and isolation, the apparent results of pure reason, and would not consent to stake the issue upon them. We saw that many present conceptions of religion, our own among the number, might be liable to considerable modifications, according to the issue of several of the critical questions under consideration, and we were prepared to consider those results, and to receive them in as far as they were well-founded, but we could not believe that any questions of literary evidence involved the essence of religion. If the conclusions arrived at were according to the received assumptions, they might confirm the received conception of religion as connected with, and dependent upon literary documents and evidence; if they were not, our conception of religion would have to undergo modification, according to the character of the new elements of judgment. We wished, therefore, to make use of the critical faculty and the fruits of its exercise, as of the purely logical faculty and its results, but certainly not to place the existence and the doctrines of religion at their absolute control, so that these

were annihilated if the critical and logical conclusions reached, as regarded the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, were against existing impressions.

While therefore we witnessed the violence and alarm with which all critical investigations which seemed to throw doubt upon the received views of the Scriptures, were resisted, we observed with regret, that in this process the critical faculty was viewed with suspicion, lest it should destroy religion, and religion was looked upon with fear and doubt, lest it should be destroyed by the criticism. Even scholars divested themselves of that calmness and patience with which they should always regard critical inquiries, because they fell into the lamentable error of supposing that in *attacking*, as they called it, the Scriptures, that is, investigating (often it must be avowed in obedience to some most extravagant passion for a given hypothesis, and therefore in a very one-sided and untrustworthy spirit of excess) all the literary questions connected with the age, origin and character of the Scriptures, the critics were attacking the very principle, sentiment and authority of religion in human nature itself, and in the express providence of God. For our own part, we listened to everything with seriousness, as we would to anything issuing from any genuine department of human knowledge, but received nothing without a much more full and cautious investigation of the general questions at stake, than the limited province of the critic demanded of himself. We are sorry, therefore, but not surprised, to see men who had regarded the truth of religion as depending on the truth of certain of their own critical notions, sadly shaken in the foundations of their religious belief. The simple result, however, of these inquiries, as far as they can be certainly affirmed, (and it is an incontestible result,) is the shifting off of religion from its entire dependence upon the absolute inspiration, or even authenticity, of any documents, and placing those documents in the much truer position of instruments to be used by religion, and existing for her service—they in fact depending for their value on religion, not religion (except incidentally) on them. Religion, therefore, was to take them for what they were, not for what they were not.

The recent controversy on the real age, value and au-



thenticity of the Scriptures, has partaken something of the nature of one that we might suppose, for illustration, to exist in medical science, in which the Physician should declare that he had always understood such and such to be the facts and phenomena of the human frame, that the whole science of healing, not merely as at present practised, but in itself and necessarily, depended on these facts and phenomena always continuing to be regarded as true; that if we ever ceased to regard them as true, the art of healing would be destroyed. And when there were at least some indications that these facts were not as he supposed, instead of simply investigating the nature and worth of these indications, he should resolutely deny them, and say that the Anatomist asserting the same, was an enemy to the health of man, to the medical profession, and the science of cure.

The real position of the Physician and his science is in truth far above this vulgar and degrading fear. His duty and glory is to make facts and truths, whatever they are, subservient to the great and essential object he has in view. It is not for him to fall down before anatomy, but for anatomy to afford assistance to him; and especially if there be reason to believe that any anatomical or physical facts have been loosely or incorrectly stated, and require investigation, he should be prepared to enter, on its own merits, and apart from the consideration of supposed consequences, into the question of actual fact. Anatomy is not to declare, "Certain facts, which I myself have supplied to you, are incorrect; I now offer you the results of other investigations in which I have since been engaged; they are inconsistent with your present mode of treating disease; therefore the art of healing is destroyed, and your pretended science is a fraud." But curative knowledge is to say, "I will consider these facts calmly, and on their own merits; I will consider them in connection with others which have not been included in your investigations; in as far as they are falsely or insufficiently supported I shall entirely or for the present reject them; in as far as they are true, or appear to have an element of truth in them, I shall be benefitted by the discovery of them, and endeavour to make them useful to me."

This is the relation of the Divine to the Critic—and as

the Physician should be able to embrace a wider view of relations and results than the mere operator on a particular limb for a particular purpose, or than the trier of a few experiments—so the Divine has to consider and to test, not only the facts put before him by the critic—put before him often with a single eye to that critic's calling—but the cognate facts and necessities of the spiritual frame, and the history of religion.

The recent books, then, published in this country, such as Foxton's, Froude's, Newman's, excite in us no surprise—excessive as we think the strain is, which they put upon the logical and critical tendencies, when they employ them exclusively: and they supply us with no results which we had not anticipated, and anticipated as in part well-founded. It must gradually appear to the public mind incontestible that the old theory of the infallibility of the Scriptures as written records, and their absolute truth in every doctrine and statement delivered in them, must cease to be the foundation of our religion: that even in the matter of the authenticity of the Gospels as wholes, we must be prepared to meet with what shall be proved, or rather must be prepared to find the common views of their authenticity, whatever be still the presumption in favour of it, incapable of positive demonstration: and the result of this must necessarily be that the Scriptures will have to be received as instruments of religion, not as lords of religion. Religion is not to bow before them as supreme over her, but to accept them gratefully as hand-maidens and attendants given for her use and service by the Lord of all. Thus freely and thankfully received, they will be judged of, not according to any untenable theory of infallibility and inspiration, but according to their essential service to the human soul. Notwithstanding all that the critical and logical faculties have done—and as the logical faculty, consistently with its own laws, may reason us out of a belief in the existence of a material world, the critical faculty may also, consistently with its own laws, disprove the trustworthiness of the Gospels and Epistles—we believe on wider grounds than these, though accepting the aid of these faculties with others, that we have a holier and higher, a truer and more commanding, revelation of God's moral character and will, and our

duties and hopes in the New Testament, than in any written book upon this earth ; and that, without believing that the portrait of Christ contained in any of the Gospels has the precise and unerring faithfulness and literalness of a Daguerreotype, we believe that it is a faithful portrait of a living reality, drawn on the tablets of human hearts, in the undying colours of truth and nature. And of that original we further believe that he of all men that ever lived was in the fullest spiritual communion with the Divine Being ; and that he is to us, at this day, the one Way unto the Father.

The connection between some present remark-worthy tendencies of the religious mind, and a portion of the subject before us, has led us into this digression. Each age has a great tendency to carry some decided characteristic into all its pursuits. There is no possibility of holding any special influence exercising itself upon any one of the three great departments of mental effort, theology, metaphysics, or literature, off any of the others. The metaphysics of an age affect its theology and its literature, and the literary tendencies of an age affect the religious. That man must have a very feeble discernment who does not at once see what Wolf on the Homeric Poems has had to do with Strauss on the Gospels ; what Eichorn has had to do with Niebuhr, and Niebuhr with Ranke. The current of thought at present in England, as recently in Germany (and the word recently applied to Germany necessarily of course precludes the possibility of the same thing continuing to exist when that word is penned), is in the mythical direction ; and, therefore (we can see no better reason), Mr. Grote turns the scale in favour of a mythical Homer. For ourselves, while reading such speculations with interest and a species of literary curiosity and amusement, we are as little affected by them, as regards all our stabler and more practical convictions, as we are by Bishop Berkeley's irrefutable reasonings, about there being no outward world. Strauss's *à priori* Messianic confabulators produce about as much effect upon us as Wolf's *Homeridæ* ; and both are as real to us as those interesting personages who descended to take a part in the loves and hates of certain human realities one summer night in a wood near Athens. We believe in Shakespeare all

the time, though not in Oberon and Titania; in Homer, though not in the Homeridæ; and in like manner the gigantic spiritual reality, which we cannot bring ourselves to name in this sentence, stands out in everlasting duration, while the host of inventors of what that reality might have been, should have been, ought to have been, and therefore was, pass before us like a train of ghosts.

We listen to the Chorizontes, arguing that the Iliad and Odyssey are not from the same hand; we listen to the ultra-separatists (for it is the ultras who answer the intras), showing how even these poems, separately considered, are not *integers*, but that there are some dozen little poems (only all of giant-limbs) in the Iliad itself, just as we listen to Schleiermacher "rightly dividing the word" of Luke's Gospel, and showing in the most irrefragable manner, exactly where each of some twenty Gospelets in this Gospel begins and ends. And though these criticisms bring out a thousand unobserved features and points of interest, and though we even grant something to the theories themselves, in as it were an infant and unfledged form, we no more think of ceasing to read, to admire and to reverence the Iliad as a glorious Unity, and to believe in Homer as a transcendant Poet, than we think of ceasing to apply to those formations of pure and living water (so pure and living that no argument can either show them to be so, or show them not to be so), which we and our fathers have found, and our sons, wiser than their fathers, shall more wisely find, to be a main sustenance of our spiritual life: or denying the existence of Him, in the image handed down to us, who is simply as real to us as our own souls.

While Wolf, Payne Knight, and their admirers, amuse themselves with their respective anatomies, and anatomical theories, operating as upon a dead body, but finding it determinedly living still, resisting all their efforts to point out how the living whole is the result of a leg put on there, and an arm there, a heart, and a brain, and a lung, variously contributed by clever and disinterested gentlemen—who retire, having made their contribution, without leaving their names—we are believing in Homer all the time, reading him, loving him, no more doubting him and his, than sensible men shall doubt Milton (of whose unity

there are, however, far more internal grounds for doubting than of Homer's), and after all their ingenuity and observation, much more grateful to any stupid commentator, who will take Homer *in bonam partem*, and touch upon, if he cannot bring out, the material of his author, than to those who concern themselves, however acutely and ingeniously, with the how, and where, and when, of his material—thinking with Wordsworth, that

"Benjamin with clouded brains,  
Is worth the rest with all their pains."

We have to confess ourselves, therefore, as belonging to the class rather of Poet-lovers than Critic-lovers, two classes of men whose characteristics we alluded to at the beginning of this article, as being so different. What well-informed and studious men, whose passion for a special hypothesis has imparted an almost supernatural acuteness to their critical vision, enabling them to discern, with wonderful readiness and penetration, in any work, even the most hidden features which favour that hypothesis—what such men have to say is always worth attentively perusing—not so much on account of the support which it gives to their notion, as for the amount of attention it draws to, and light it throws upon, the staple of the work itself. The full sight into which their united labours bring every peculiarity of the work under their criticism, every power and weakness, every beauty and defect, every fact and error, is the result which will endure, when their respective theories shall have been destroyed, by beings simply left to the tender mercies of each other. Except for this most valuable result, we should feel something approaching to shame, for the kind of criticism which has been bestowed on Homer for the last fifty years. When we reflect upon Aristotle's faith in the unity of this Author and his Material, of the manner in which he takes his illustrations of great natural facts or critical canons (albeit often in the syllogistic vein) from the living nature and beauty of the Poems themselves, and contrast such expository and ever-during criticism with that which sees the greatest as the most trifling things principally in the light of so much grist for the mill of its theory, so much proof *pro* or *contra*, that the Iliad was one or twenty, and Homer a man or a cycle—we are deeply impressed with

the conviction that the true modern Critic of Homer is the man who, now nearly neglecting these contests, takes the Poems themselves as at least certainly existing and indisputable phenomena, and gladdens the heart of youth and manhood, with the display of the ever-increasing number of their perceived wonders and beauties.

Colonel Mure is surprised that there should exist no complete history of Grecian literature, either handed down to us by the Greeks, or accomplished by ourselves. He truly says that a nation is first engaged with its own thoughts—and it is not till later, often not until the period of its decline, that it begins to *comment* upon its thoughts, or the thoughts of other nations. He thinks that the political annals of society often exhibit human character in a most offensive aspect, and that it would be much more alluring to trace the history of a nation's mind, record and review its intellectual productions, than perpetuate its feats of valour or political enterprise. That the Greeks themselves should have shown so great an indifference to the value of this species of history, "appears the more remarkable," he says, "when we consider the infinite number of channels in which, during their latter days, their over-exuberant genius found vent, and the voluminous library of works which it produced in the kindred class of subjects. Yet, among their legion of commentators and grammarians, there is no record of an historian of literature in the wider sense. Similar was the case with the Romans."

We have no difficulty in discovering the reason of this. The absence of this tendency in ancient literature, and its presence in modern, is not to the advantage or to the honour of the last. The individual study of an original work has many times the worth of the study of that original. There is far too much *derived* literature among us. We go cooking and eating, over and over again, the same viands in every variety of form; but each less nutritious and less wholesome than the form in which they are originally presented to us. The bulk of our learned works unhappily consist of these mere accretions and repetitions. Our time is occupied—is wasted—with the infinite quantity of this unimpressive iteration. The man of true scholarly courage would and does pass over these inter-



vening shadows, and goes to the substances themselves, which form the foundation of the mass. To use Carlyle's image, he penetrates through and sweeps aside these Augean accumulations, and gets down to the marble pavement that underlies them all. And how small do we often find the apex of that inverted cone to be which has become top-heavy with the weight of the accumulations of subsequent historians and critics! Men of an average education will go on their lives through, reading volumes founded mainly on a few pages of Philo and Josephus, essays without end on matters which hang, after all, on a few sentences of Livy or Polybius—and lectures in a never-ending, still beginning succession, on Homer—without, unless they are going to write, thinking it at all necessary to turn to the *fons et origo*—to the real basis of all the wide-spreading, and high-reaching, and weary-climbing edifices that rise upon it. It were really almost easier and surely much more satisfactory, to read through all the principal authors in the early centuries of the Christian Church, than a quarter of the modern historians and theologians upon them. We would speak with respect of the labours of such men as Gillies, and Mitford, and Thirlwall, and Grote; but would not the time, which the scholar bestows on these, be better bestowed on a careful re-perusal of Thucydides and Herodotus? A man who would take the short trouble of learning to repeat the Shield of Achilles would possibly have a sounder and more enduring knowledge of the state of the arts thus at first-hand, in the times of Homer, than by reading the treatises and chapters on them which he does read.

We are quite aware of the advantage and the necessity of learned men communicating to the world and to each other their own conclusions and discoveries on all such interesting matters; giving, with the increasing light of increasing knowledge, their own versions of them. They are necessary, too, on the ground of mutual correction and mutual supplementing. But it is the supercession and virtual concealment of the materials on which they labour from the uninitiated public that we deplore, and we are quite convinced that to the bulk of readers the simplicity of the original staple on which many of these learned lucubrations are hung, and the clearness which a direct refer-



ence to that staple would impart to their own apprehension of the questions or the facts at issue, is utterly unknown. They go on wandering hopelessly in the mist of the ever-deepening thicket, till at last they cannot see the wood for trees. They trust to their hierophants, the critics and the historians, and know not how a little more direct inspection by their own eyes of the adytum would clear up their mysteries.

"Voracious learning, often over-fed,  
Digests not into sense her motley meal."

The absence, then, of this incalculable load of derived literature, of borrowings and recoctions and repetitions, was one of the greatest privileges enjoyed, and most marked signs of strength and originality exhibited by the Grecian mind—and its increasing presence among ourselves, though an indication of the thought and labour increasingly bestowed on some of the most interesting materials of the human mind, a sign, also, of the increasing extent of popular sympathy and interest in the same class of subjects, and thus together showing the activity of the national mind, must not be regarded as one of the great desiderata of a literature, but rather as an indication of the increasing demand for dispensaries of literature, where the physician may administer his drugs according to the best of his own knowledge and experience, and the necessities and capacities of those who seek them. Accordingly, in reading Colonel Mure's volumes, interesting and able though they are, and notwithstanding the zest and spirit with which he throws himself into the material of his criticism, thus showing himself a man of taste and feeling, as well as learning, we must confess to a perpetual craving, with difficulty repressed, to leave his page for the page of him whom he is principally celebrating. Why, we have asked ourselves, more than once, should we go on reading the critic's account—and the better the account the more we ask the question—of the Phœacian visit, the *Domus Priami*, the character of Achilles, the Ithacan court, and the Return of the Wanderer—and not substitute the scenes themselves, and "live o'er again that happy hour"? We calculate that we could have read, in an enjoying, if not a critical way, either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, in a space of

time little exceeding that which it has taken us to read Colonel Mure's three volumes; and with all respect for the critic and his long labour, we are deliberately of opinion that it would have been better for us to have done so. A better plan still, however, is to read both—and our author, from his evidently glowing interest in the great Bard, would wish no better result than that the reading of his work should lead to a revived interest in that literature of which he is so enthusiastic and appreciating an admirer. The First Book of Colonel Mure's Work, occupying about a third part of the first volume, is principally devoted to the history and characteristics of the Greek language and literature; from its origin to the period of the mythical poets, —Amphion, Orpheus, Linus, &c. The Second Book, occupying the remaining two-thirds of the first volume, and the whole of the second volume, is devoted to Greek Epic Poetry, including dissertations on the Cyclic Poets, on Hesiod, and on the miscellaneous Epic Poetry of the same period, but otherwise almost exclusively dealing with the great Poems of Homer. The Third Book, forming also the third volume, treats on Lyric Poetry, with the biography of the principal Lyric Poets, and has two chapters subjoined on the history of Writing in Greece.

We are interested, and the public will be interested, for the present at least, chiefly in that part of the work which relates to the light, all other lights absorbing, which still and for ever gathers round the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Colonel Mure possesses, as a scholar, a sufficient interest in and knowledge of the various arguments which have been adduced by critics both in this country and in Germany, in reference to the real or merely mythical existence of such a person as Homer—to the unity or duality or multiplicity of the authorship of the Homeric Poems—to enable him to give them an adequate consideration: at the same time that he decides without hesitation in favour of the old orthodox view, and quietly turns back from the page in criticism which Wolf has marked with his name, to that in which Aristotle pronounced or rather assumed his judgment twenty-two hundred years ago. We could, indeed, have wished that our author had arranged his matter a little more in the style, and therefore with something more of the condensation, of an argument. He seems to have had

the materials of his judgment constantly floating about his mind, so that they often come in unbidden—some of them presenting and re-presenting themselves at different times, so as to lessen the clenching power of the reasoning, and to occasion considerable and irregular repetition. Indeed, much of the Homeric portion of these volumes seems to have been written at different times, and thrown together subsequently, with the natural additions and amplifications of lengthening study of the subject. The author does not seem to gather up his mind as to an argument once for all, to state then all that he has to state, and to dismiss the topic; but it seems to beset him, so that in any connection which reminds him of some specific ground in favour of his own old-fashioned view, or against the more novel and ingenious hypothesis of his opponents, he does not check the natural flow of his associations, but lets the argument peep out again, often in only a slightly modified, and sometimes in precisely the same form, as that in which it had been adduced before. But perhaps this is only a feature in the diffuseness of style which may be said to characterise the work.

We have strong sympathy, however, with the view of Homeric reality and unity which Colonel Mute adopts, without at all undervaluing the critical value, on purely critical grounds, of the objections urged, from the style, language, and allusions of the Poems themselves, to the soundness of this conclusion. But we attach no such certainty to these grounds, as it seems to be the fashion of the present time to assign them. We think a latter-day critic's idea of what is probable in, what is consistent with, and what must necessarily be characteristic of, all the productions of one mind, in a former age, by no means to be trusted to, as representing what really existed, and what Nature and the human mind chose to be and were. It appears to us that two thousand years hence, were external evidence absent or lost, an ingenious critic on Milton might, with quite as much show of justice, and as we know with quite as little reality of truth, represent the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*; *L'Allegro* and *Samson Agonistes*, as impossible to have originated from the same author. He might, in like manner, show by quite as ingenious a collection of illustrations, and with a

result quite as far from truth, that Shakespeare could not have been the originator of the characters both of Hamlet and of Falstaff. There is no end to the havoc which would be made, on these principles, with the authenticities of literature. The more we see of the application of these principles, the more uncertain and untrustworthy, and therefore valueless, except as increasing the knowledge of the matter commented upon, do we begin to regard this species of criticism. The *events* of the past, though occurring in ages so distant and so different from our own, are less dangerous ground for this species of criticism to exercise itself upon, because there is a certain reality in history, and unity in the course of providence, which may afford us often some fair grounds of analogy, on which to rest a judgment. But *thought* is a much more delicate thing to deal with than *fact*. To say that a man shall not have thought or written thus, is a more dangerous assertion than to say such an act was never really performed. Ask us to disbelieve the deeds of Homer's heroes from the principles of human nature, and Divine Providence, and the voice of history, and we have not much difficulty in assenting to the request. But ask us to disbelieve that one man wrote of them, on account of certain, remarkable, if you like, differences or even discrepancies of style, of genius, of allusions, nay of manners and of facts, and we may on other grounds be allowed to hesitate.

With Shakespeare before the English mind, and Goethe before the German, we should not have supposed the indisposition would have been so great to allow so much to one mind, as we are obliged to do to that of Homer, if he were the author of the *Iliad*, and still more if he were the author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; and we trace much of this incredulity to a vanity of disinclination to believe that the momentum which civilization and learning bear down with them in their course is still so light that a man in what we call semi-barbarous ages could have produced that which is unrivalled still. But for ourselves we believe, and in nothing more firmly than, in the existence of these great, astounding Minds. We believe in men making ages, much more than in ages making men. This disinclination to believe in individual greatness is not among the best signs of our age. It is the scepticism of an

age of diffusion, when every body has something and nobody has everything. If there be a danger of the belief in a personal God drifting away into a belief in the universal Godhead of things as they are, there is a similar danger also of belief in individual personalities merging itself into a preferential belief in aggregates, and age-collections—age-sweepings rather.

The non-existence of Homer—that is, of the one author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—and the substitution of a bank or club of Poets—politely called a cycle—would involve us in far greater improbabilities and unlikelihoods than any that our fathers so unperceivingly believed in. Among them are these. Aristotle knew nothing about this. He regards the Homeric Poems as regularly constructed Epics; nay, so regularly constructed, as themselves to supply the laws for that kind of composition. The Alexandrine critics had not got further than the idea of the two-fold separation of the Poems, and dismissed that as unfounded. The multiform origin is not even alluded to by them as an existing idea. If there were not one Homer, but several, how extraordinary would be the number of first-rate poets, and all selecting the Trojan War for their subject, and the last year, nay, the last month, of the War for their time! The modern fancy of great Poets is to choose subjects somewhat different from each other—but here was a happy family indeed, who, had they not treated their one subject with so much power, might be otherwise regarded as a family of fools. It is true that the collector, Pisistratus, may have limited the time, and have made varied material all refer to the selected moment, but even this (a very clever and not an easy performance) would not affect the singular fact of the choice of one subject. That one Homer should not apply the designations of *Hellas* to Greece, or *Peloponnesus* to the southern peninsula, is easily accounted for, from the more recent application of those names; but that many Homers, spread over 500 years, during the later portion of which period the terms were so employed, should have omitted their use, is not likely. “That one Homer should have been ignorant of the use of cavalry in war, or from eccentricity or antiquarian affectation should have pretended to be so, is possible; but scarcely credible in the case of a number

of Homers of different ages and countries. That one poet should systematically exclude from his heroes' tables, fish, boiled meat, game, and other articles of good cheer, so much esteemed by heroes of other ages and countries, has often been remarked as singular; that ten or twelve Homers should enter into any such conspiracy against heroic freedom of diet, seems unaccountable."\*

One of the favourite presumptions against the unity of the authorship and the age of the Two Poems, is that derived from the supposed differences in the state of manners and the arts, discernible in the Poems. In reply to this, there is the very obvious defence, that one Poem, the scene of which is laid in a military encampment, and the chief actors in which are soldiers, and another, the scene of which is laid in a variety of courts and cities, and in which the chief actors are princes on their travels, or "living at home at ease," may well (calling into view entirely different aspects of human life and habits) have a marked difference in the allusions made in them to the arts, the habits, the refinements and the dispositions of the parties brought upon the scene. But besides this defence, there is always that counter-argument, so dangerous, so fatal in these discussions—namely, the number of passages which an adverse ingenuity may bring forward to prove exactly the opposite opinion. It is this notorious fact in a large portion of the modern criticism—this power in equal ingenuities and perseverances of quoting passages on both

\* We think Colonel Mure would inculcate too servile a spirit of submission to ancient critics, when he presumes that Aristotle, Aristarchus, and Longinus, as living nearer the times, and having the whole national library at their command, must therefore be not less competent "to judge of the relation which one portion of that library bore to another in style or merit than foreigners toiling by dint of grammar and lexicon through its scanty existing remains." We admit the reasonableness of this argument as applied to the case, the circumstances, the parties and the subject under our author's immediate discussion. But we think that it would be a very erroneous general ground of judgment. "Foreigners toiling by dint of grammar and lexicon," often see things which native critics overlook. We must not bind posterity to the judgment of their ancestors. We must be careful how we pronounce Livy right and Niebuhr wrong. The argument is applicable to still more important matters, and is one of the most dangerous and unsatisfactory that can be employed. Every matter that receives a discussion worthy of the name, must receive it on the ground of its own merits. Use the opinions of Aristotle, Aristarchus and Longinus as elements of judgment—but do not let their opinions override all others that may subsequently, on new or different data, be brought against them.



sides in nearly equal proportions, which has nearly closed our ears to internal arguments of this character, unless supported by more general considerations of a more solid and reliable kind. In the matter before us, in reply to the subtle industry which quotes the more advanced character of the arts and habits of social life, and therefore the later origin of the *Odyssey*, may be opposed a similarly subtle industry which will show how much more advanced are the arts and habits of the *Iliad* than those of the *Odyssey*, and how much later therefore in its origin must be the former Poem. Horn-dressing, tanning, leather-cutting, chariot-making, wool-carding, (with weights and prices,) the fabric of armour, the winnowing machine, the culture of peas and beans, threshing and irrigation—these arts, mentioned in the *Iliad*, are (if we are to judge by the accident of silence,) unknown to the *Odyssey*. Embroidery, ivory ornaments, and the shield of Achilles,\* may be pressed into the same argument. How many arts introduced by force and contrivance in an encampment, and at a siege, and therefore attracting a marked notice, may well be passed over as part of the ordinary and natural course of daily life in the times and places of Peace; and on the other hand, how many indications of culture and refinement might we expect to find in courts and cities, among queens and princesses at home, which might have no existence among the rough warriors of a camp, even though their contemporaries. Thus mole-eyed is a large quantity of this scholastic criticism.

Again the difference in language, in the employment of words, supplies a great many sharp arrows of argument against the unity of authorship. But the opposite view is not without some arrows of defence, which may be found greatly to neutralize the shower from the hostile camp. Payne Knight, among his archaisms of the *Iliad* in contradistinction to the more modern forms of the *Odyssey*, introduces certain contractions of words which are dissyllabic in the *Iliad* as monosyllabic in the *Odyssey*. Thus *κρεα* in the *Iliad* is sounded *κη* in the *Odyssey*. But then unfortunately the occurrence of *ρεα*, *εᾶ*, *βελεα*, in a monosyllabic form in the *Iliad*, entirely reverses this argu-

\* Mure, ii. 161-2.



ment, and by the same rule makes the Iliad the more modern, not the more ancient, of the two. It is remarked, again, that βαλλω, κοπτω, πληγω, words of force, are always placed first in the sentence, not only throughout the Iliad, but when they occur in the Odyssey also. The application of epithets would of itself form a study. Their use seems to indicate a great unity of conception and consciousness. Ποδας ωκυς, ποδαρκης, ρηξηνωρ, &c., are expressly devoted to Achilles, while πολυμητις, πολυμηχανος, πολυτλας, &c., are as exclusively applied to Ulysses; and it is not without significance that the last epithet is applied to Ulysses, five times in the Iliad, and thirty-five in the Odyssey,—in which fact, we observe not only the natural difference in the number of times, between two Poems, in one of which he is the chief and in the other only one of several heroes, in one of which he is a large and in the other only a common sufferer—but the anticipatory employment of this epithet in the Iliad (supposing it to have been first composed), and its being taken up again with greater frequency in the Odyssey—or supposing the Odyssey to have been first composed (an idea on which we do not know that the invention of critics has yet much exerted itself), the selection and recovery of the same word, with the appropriate decrease in the frequency of its use. An instance occurs of apparent confusion in the epithets applied to Achilles and Ulysses, in the application in two cases to the latter of the word θυμολεων (Cœur-de-Leon)—a peculiar epithet of Achilles. But in both these cases, it is his devoted Wife, who, in the enthusiasm of her admiration, calls her Ulysses “the lion-hearted.” Κυδιστος, and ευρυκρειων, as significant of the functions of command, are appropriated to Agamemnon.\* In the Odyssey, express indications are given of the *non-equestrian* character of Ithaca. Throughout each Poem, accordingly, no epithet connected with horsemanship is given to an Ithacan or Cephallenian hero. The use of ιπποδαμος, generally however as applicable to Trojans, and not to Greeks; its frequent use in the Iliad, where battles are described, and the Trojans are

\* When our author translates βονη αγαθος, “good at need,” we are much troubled at finding a new face put on an old friend, whom we used always to render “good at a shout.” No doubt the two things went a good deal together in ancient warfare—more we suppose than in modern.

engaged; its infrequent use in the *Odyssey*, where voyages are the more usual movements, and its application then to precisely the exceptional Greek cases, allowed in the *Iliad*—is an instance of consistency of use, that among other examples may be fairly taken as indicating a unity in the composing power. The force, however, of such arguments lies entirely in the number of adducible instances, and these we have not now time to multiply. They are chiefly interesting to us as showing the skill, precision, and careful nicety of touch in the Poet. As arguments they substantively carry little weight with them to our minds, except when employed as counter-arguments, when they reach an importance, not their own, and become relatively of great value, and of sufficient force. Little, however, is needed for the destruction of most of these hypotheses, but the suicidal element they usually contain within them. They commonly, if left alone, lay violent hands on themselves. The Wolfian theory, which had something worthy at least of careful consideration when applied to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, has sustained much damage by being carried out to the poor *Batrachomyomachia* by Hermann, who could not let one Poet be equal to describe the heroic struggles of Frogs and Mice, but must fain divide the glory of singing of the adventures of Lickdish, Crumb-snatcher and Cheesenibler among many bards, “discovering the existing *Batrachomyomachia* to be a compound of a number of other older *Batrachomyomachia*, by its own particular ‘*Pisistratus*’—of what particular era he does not specify.”

We would not have it supposed that our dislike of, and dissatisfaction with, this petty school of poetical criticism, which in the infinite division of this world’s labour has the province assigned it of making, as its contribution to the necessities of mankind, needle-points for the world’s use—leads us to any extravagant assertion of the existence of an autographic (or autolegic) and inviolate Homeric Text. We are fully alive to the difficulties respecting the transmission of the Poems, though some writer goes so far as to suggest that he who could originate the *Iliad* most probably originated also a very improved, and Homeric, style and mode of committing it to writing and perpetuating it. We should be at no pains to deny the probability

of large intermixtures of matter, modifications in the arrangement and other features, which now appear far more filed and perfect, than the much later *Æneid* in its unquestioned authenticity can boast of. But the whole of our scepticism is awake and active immediately on any modern writer pretending to set his finger on the specific passages, phrases or arrangements which are un-Homeric. The sleepy passages, which used to be thought unworthy of the special genius of the principal Bard, and were therefore attributed to some inferior hand in the Homeric club, Colonel Mure, on the old principle of Horace, vindicates, as especially and artistically Homeric. For he reminds us how a great Poet understands the necessity of mixing level land with hill and dale, and to allow the reader to recover his nerves from the last, and prepare them for the next, excitement of emotion and admiration.\*

Neither would we be understood to extend our conservatism to the facts, even the main facts, of the Homeric Poems. That some Asiatic city was besieged by the Greeks, on the tradition of which siege were built these beautiful fictions, we believe. But this is nearly all that we should

\* When the Pandorean box of ingenuities, in its passage over Europe from Constantinople, let out its contents on Germany, one solitary subtlety remained, till it got to England. It then escaped, and lighted at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, on the head of Dr. Kenrick Prescott, the principal. That worthy scholar, being afflicted with the gout, or other disease contingent upon learning, and being thus disabled from the more active duties of his station, addressed a series of letters to his "men," through several of which he applies himself in a very clever and amusing effort to call in question the probability of Horace's famous, though good-natured, reproach of "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*," being meant for the Ionic, or, according to our author, *Æolic*, Homer at all. The letters, though commenced as a *jeu d'esprit*, wax so serious in their progress, as at length, we think, to throw more than a little doubt upon the correctness of the general assumption, and to raise a suspicion that it may really have been, as these letters suppose, a Roman Homer—to whom Horace was alluding—no other than the Poet Ennius. The fact that Horace is criticizing Latin poetry, and illustrating it by Latin authors—that Ennius called himself Homer—and the quiz contained in the *dormitat*, when referring to a man who *dreamt* of interviews with Homer, and maintained that in the metempsychosis, it was a Peacock which had been the associative link between himself and the great Grecian Poet—added to Horace's own express declaration of the absolute perfection and faultlessness of the Grecian Homer—when he is really speaking of him—weigh, with other presumptions, we must confess with us a little in favour of the Prescott theory—quite as much, at least, and we are sure with as much reason, as any of Wolf's or his followers' arguments in favour of there being no Homer at all. To those who have not met with them, these Letters of Dr. Prescott's will afford a few hours of very amusing reading.

particularly like to pledge ourselves to. That there were three periods of precisely ten years each, connected with this event—that ten years were spent in preparing for the war, ten years in carrying it on, and ten years in getting home gain, by some at least of the warriors—is not among the articles of our faith. Nor do we believe that all the Greeks (which is throughout the consistent fancy of the Poems), young men and elderly gentlemen, were all inspired to amass this prodigious amount of effort, to leave their homes, and kingdoms, and wives and children, to recover a runaway lady, now some thirty or forty years of age. That such persons as Achilles, or Ulysses, or Hector, or such a gift as the Trojan Horse, ever existed at all, is more than we should like to have to prove. If the Greeks made such a war in Asia, whatever the pretext may have been (and such a one as this is not impossible), they had more solid political reasons for their expedition. It may have been the first of those awkward relations between the Asiatic and European sides of the Ægean, which more than once, in the history of the Greeks, made it necessary in them to anticipate the honour of a visit, or to repent of the visit being first paid to them. We regard the two Poems as constituting two utter, gorgeous, unrivalled fictions—the creation of one gigantic mind—endowed with that truly God-like power, the power of creation. There, in the glittering caverns of that wonderful bosom, did all the forms that throng the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* start into life and motion. There first rose the beautiful fabric of those Poems—faint and fair, like the hues of an incipient rainbow, but gathering in its grace, deepening and brightening in its colours, till by the laborious pencil of that genius which first originated the conception, the satisfying structure rose, wonderful and glorious, imperishable itself, peopled with imperishable beings. O tell us not of the Poets who sung the siege before Homer, any more than of the Dramatists who took their scenes and stories from Rome, and Italy, and Old England, before Shakespeare. Doubtless there were many such, alas, too many! Some stupid barbarian named Achilles very likely lived in several forms before the angry, proud, pathetic, affectionate, heroic creature, now called Achilles, sprung from the hand of Homer, and blotted the other out of the consciousness or knowledge of the human

race. Apollo's in abundance, we doubt not, stood and stared, till "The Beautiful to look upon" appeared, like the morning, and dazzled men out of the power of seeing any of his predecessors. The Circean caves, the gardens of Phœacia, the den of Polypheme, the sounding Trojan horse, a Helen and a Priam, a Penelope and a Nestor, had, it may be, all been sung before—what matters it now, whether they had been or not? Probably they could scarce be said to have lived before, certainly they first became immortal on the canvas of that unequalled maker, who, if the critics think proper, shall be without a name—we are content, for he scarcely can be named. We are heartily glad that Colonel Mure is not content to be one of those flies, to whom we have referred, as crawling over the pedestal of this great Statue. He writes like a feeling, understanding man about Homer. So anxious is he to impress the images he desires to create or to revive in the minds of his readers, that he does not scruple to analyse at length the material, to quote in full (a great virtue and accommodation) the passages—instead of trusting the too-often untrustworthy activity of his reader, and satisfying himself with a reference to book and line in a foot-note. We do not know any one work which presents the reader with so much that is at once instructive and interesting on Homer—in which critical labour and hearty æsthetic appreciation are so satisfactorily combined. Without any positive originality, and perhaps without much that is decidedly new in the work itself, it yet comes upon its readers with an air of freshness, from the happy union of what are so often, to the great disadvantage of classical exegetics, separated—a scholarlike attention to details of style and language and criticism, with an enthusiastic love of the ideas and pictures of the Poet. The descriptions of the characters are excellently done, and the selection of passages very happy.\*

As we have not yet given our readers the opportunity of judging of Colonel Mure's style of writing, we now propose to subjoin a few extracts, indicating the more popular merits of these volumes; and as the subject which has so

\* How is it, that in so large an induction of these, one is omitted, in which Achilles, in a wonderful outburst of mingled ferocity and tenderness, challenges the attention of the young Trojan (whom he is about to sacrifice

far chiefly occupied us is connected with the second volume, the extracts which we make will be taken from the more general matter of the first.

The Dialects and the different styles of composition to which they were suited, form the subject of the first extract:—

“A language restricted to one definite classical standard, can hardly be well adapted to every class of composition. The same musical softness which favours the flow of poetical numbers, must, in a proportional degree, be prejudicial to the gravity of historical narratives and philosophical disquisition, or to the terseness of forensic eloquence: had Demosthenes possessed no other medium for giving vent to his Philippics but the Ionic of Homer, or Plato composed his Republics in the Æolic of Sappho, their works, whatever their intrinsic excellence, must have sacrificed a portion of their external charms, to the comparatively inappropriate dress in which they would have appeared. This may be further illustrated by the example of modern nations distinguished for talent in every department of letters. The French tongue has produced a comic writer equal, to say the least, to the chiefs of the Attic humorous drama; but in the higher walks of poetry, neither genius nor art can overcome the obstacles to a corresponding degree of excellence, interposed by the sound and structure of that language. The finest conceptions, couched in harsh or discordant accents, can no more constitute perfection in poetry, than in music the sublimest airs sung by a weak and tuneless voice. The same general remark applies more or less to all the other European tongues, that in proportion as they may be adapted to one style of composition, they are unfavourable to another. But in the cultivated Greek dialects, we

to the avenged Manes of Patroclus, and who is so unwilling to die) to himself and his own fate, and the fate likewise of Patroclus—beginning:

“Οὐκ ὀραὰς οἷος κἀγὼ καλὸς τε, μέγας τε,”

and going on—

“Καθὼτε Πατροκλᾶς σεο . . . πολλὰ μινών.”

While referring to this passage, we are reminded by its termination of a remark, which we cannot understand, in Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece, in which he says, in reference to the time of Homer,—“Their name was not yet given to portions of the day; these the poet usually describes by the civil occupations belonging to them; as, the morning, by the filling of the market-place; the noon, as the time when the woodcutter rests from his toil, and takes his repast; the evening, as the unyoking of the oxen, or as the time when the judge quits the seat of justice.” The last line of the passage here alluded to distinctly names (unless, writing where we cannot verify our recollection, we be mistaken) the three parts of the day, at any of which death might strike its victim, as morning, evening, *ἡ μέσον ἡμῶν*. Does he mean that the *hours* were not distinguished?



possess the masterpieces of several languages rather than of one. It were difficult to imagine a vehicle of expression better suited to the varied powers of the Epic Muse than the old Homeric; to the tenderness of amatory complaint, than the Lesbian Æolic; to the mingled gravity and impetuosity of the triumphal lyre, than the Doric of Pindar; or to the precision and energy of dialogue, prose narratives and oratory, than the Attic of Aristophanes, Thucydides, and Demosthenes.

"The above remarks apply chiefly to the flourishing ages of Greece, when a spirit of independence" (*independence*) "animated the institution of every state, and the breast of every citizen. With the decisions of the national character, the establishment of a dominant influence in the political commonwealth was attended, as in other ages and countries, by a corresponding effect in the republic of letters. The preponderance of Attic genius had procured a certain ascendancy to the Attic tongue, even prior to the subjection of Greece to the Macedonians. One great object of this semi-barbarous power, from its first rise into importance, was to establish a claim to the pure Hellenic character, and, by consequence, to promote Hellenic habits and associations among its subjects. As the most effectual means of attaining this end, they adopted the Attic as the court dialect, took the literature and science of Athens under their especial patronage, and established them as models in the new schools founded under their own auspices. Alexandria thus became the metropolis of arts and letters, and the Attic, as it prevailed in that court, slightly modified by provincial peculiarities the classical dialect of the whole Hellenic world."—Vol. I. 124-6.

Our author, like many hearty admirers, is also a hearty hater—and as, among theologians, the nearer the schools, the greater the hate, so in this case it is the ancient Epic and Epic Poet, coming nearest to the *Iliad* and to Homer, which most move his disapprobation; but indeed, from the point of view at which he takes the Poem, with very good reason. The incompletenesses and disproportions of the *Æneid* are truly great. But it is hard always to overlook the fact that Virgil had not finished the Poem, and did not publish it.

#### THE MORALE OF THE *ÆNEID*.

"This excellence of Homer will appear the more remarkable, as contrasted with the striking inferiority of his most distinguished successor, in regard to the same important feature, amid the full light of ethic science and philosophy. The hero of the *Æneid* is held up by its author as a model of piety and virtue. But how



sadly do we miss that harmony between the dramatic and the descriptive elements of the poem, so beautifully maintained in the *Iliad* ! In all the principal transactions in which *Aeneas* is engaged, his real character and conduct are in open conflict with Virgil's description. In his connection with *Dido*, if he be supposed to have no ulterior object in view, he must be condemned as a heartless sensualist. If, as the poet implies, that connection was formed under the faith of a virtual marriage, he becomes a perjured adulterer, while his cold, solemn indifference to the misery caused by his cruel and ungrateful treatment of an amiable and confiding female is odious in the last degree. His invasion of Italy is an act of open usurpation and outrage. His arrival on the coast spreads discord and bloodshed among the previously happy tribes of that country. A father forces his daughter to violate her plighted troth, a mother is driven to suicide by the evils accumulated on her family and nation. All our partialities ought to be on the side, not of the hero whose cause we are called on to espouse, and which is crowned with success, but on that of his adversary.

"The only palliation which can be suggested for these moral blemishes of the *Aeneid*, the divine authority under which the hero acts, tends, if rightly estimated, but to aggravate the offence, by exhibiting not only weak humanity, but the Deity himself, as the patron of injustice and oppression."—Vol. I. 294.

The following passage is one of many descriptions with which Colonel Mure's quick eye and careful hand enrich these pleasant volumes :—

OLD PRIAM'S VISIT TO ACHILLES.

"It is, however, in the closing scenes of the *Iliad* that the brighter side of Priam's character is most prominently brought forward. All sense of his vices or follies is here absorbed by compassion for the calamities in which they have involved him, and admiration for his heroism in braving the dangers of a hostile camp, and the wrath of Achilles, to rescue the remains of a beloved son from mutilation and disgrace. But, even here, the poet, still true to nature, never loses sight of the less favourable traits of the portrait, which, as now reproduced under a change of fortune, impart a new variety to the whole composition. Hitherto Priam had been contemplated in a comparative state of prosperity, and distinguished even in his displays of weakness, by a decorum and placidity of deportment becoming his royal state. Now, at the moment when his energies are intent on the fulfilment of the noblest duties, his temper, under the accumulated excitement of the crisis, breaks through all the restraints of courtly dignity into ebullitions of senile petulance and irritation, as characteristic of the genius of the man, as inconsistent

with the greatness of his conduct. The scene in the palace, previous to his journey, is one of the finest in the *Iliad*. Priam, his family, and the entire city, are plunged in the deepest affliction; their favourite prince and bravest champion slain; his body daily insulted in their sight by his ferocious conqueror. The mode in which the national grief finds vent, exhibits a fine combination of oriental and patriarchal manners. The old king enveloped in his mantle, is seated in the centre of the palace court in a state of gloomy stupor, indifferent to all that is passing. His sons are weeping and his daughters wailing around him; the halls and porches thronged with citizens, flocking with sympathetic curiosity to the centre of the common woe. At this moment Iris, invisible to all but Priam himself, breathes her message from Jove in his ear. The first symptom of response to the divine intimation is a tremor pervading his frame. On a sudden, morbid despair gives place to unwonted vigour; he rises and declares his resolution forthwith to visit in person the Myrmidon camp, and ransom the body of his son. He is assailed by the remonstrances of his wife against the madness of his project, but in vain. On turning to give the requisite orders for his journey, he finds everything in confusion; his palace is crowded with importunate idlers; his sons are bewildered by this sudden change from listlessness to temerity, and the promptness of their obedience falls short of the eagerness of his commands. His temper then gives way, and he breaks forth into invectives, first against the busybodies who encumber his hall, and whom he drives with his sceptre into the street; next against the sluggish apathy of his sons, tauntingly contrasting it with the devoted zeal of their deceased brother. The petulance of these sallies is tempered by the most touching expressions of grief and patriotism. Every word and act is admirably suited to the character and the occasion.

"The sequel of this adventure supplies the more delicate finish to the portrait both of Priam and Achilles. The ardent zeal, senile importunity, and pious resignation of the venerable suppliant, are beautifully contrasted with the generous sympathy and haughty impetuosity of the terrible Myrmidon. The old king returns to the city with his precious freight, greeted by crowds of admiring citizens, and the ensuing rites in honour of the slain champion, afford an impressive conclusion to the great drama. Upon the whole, perhaps, the character of Priam is, next to that of Achilles, the most delicately conceived and finely drawn in the poem. The parallel which it offers to that of Shakspeare's *Lear* cannot fail to suggest itself to the critical student."—Vol. I. 345-7.

## ART. IV.—PHASES OF FAITH.

*Phases of Faith : or Passages from the History of my Creed.*

By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London : Chapman. 1850.

THIS book is a necessary Appendix to the author's former Treatise on the Soul. In that work he presented a scheme of positive Religion, founded essentially on psychological experience, and asking for no data beyond the mind's own consciousness in the exercise of its highest affections. Its object and method were constructive : and in evolving an adequate faith from the inner life of the human spirit, he could spare only an incidental notice for doctrines and modes of procedure at variance with his own. He there unfolded the truths which respect our spiritual relations according to the order in which, as he conceives, they ought to be thought out. This, however, is not the order in which he himself has actually reached them ; still less does it agree with the ordinary path of approach to them. All Christians conceive themselves indebted to an historical revelation, concurrently with the intimations of their own nature, for their most inspiring convictions : and with Mr. Newman himself, they are not a fresh acquisition won by his present mode of thought, but a residue left uncanceled by the mental changes through which he has passed, and provided, by an after-thought, with their new title to continued possession. The present publication describes the processes by which the author, from a commencement in Calvinism, reached at length the religion of "The Soul." It contains his apology for dispensing entirely with all external aids,—miracle or prophecy, Bible or Church,—in the establishment of a Faith ; and for limiting himself to sources purely subjective. It defends his isolated position by tracing the involuntary encroachments of scepticism, as reflection and knowledge increased and imparted a freer action to his mind ; till the ever-narrowing circumference of his ecclesiastical and scriptural belief, drove him at last upon his own centre, and left him as a point alone amid the infinitude of God. As the course of change was ex-

ceedingly gradual, and every stage of it is successively vindicated, the book is necessarily a kind of running criticism on almost every Christian creed, and the whole circle of Christian Evidences; and elicits in each case a negative result. By this aggressive process nothing is brought out of which Mr. Newman's previous book had not given ample notice. Yet to most of his readers this wholly destructive character will assuredly be painful; and many who, with ourselves, have been penetrated with affectionate admiration for his transparent truthfulness and elevation of soul, will feel it a sorrow to lose the sympathy of such a mind in some of their most cherished persuasions. The earlier treatise so abounded in passages of solemn and tender devotion, that the reader was borne on the wing over the chasms in its faith, and no more felt its doubts than he would pause upon a heresy let fall in prayer. But the present work cannot, from its very nature, bespeak the affections by any such pre-engagement. It is rigorously logical: and though the author's fearlessness is manifestly the simple inspiration of a pure and trustful heart, yet the relentless way in which he follows out a single line of thought, and hurries you along it as if it were the whole surface of the truth, provokes something of natural resistance. You feel yourself in the presence of a mind wholly incapable of the least moral unfairness or ingenious self-deception, and devoted with absolute singleness to the quest of the true and the good: but at the same time, too much distinguished by intellectual impetuosity and the intense flow of sympathies in one particular channel, to attain a judicial largeness of view. Hence the work produces all its effect at once: and while many will utter warnings against reading it at all, our counsel would be to read it *twice*. For ourselves at least we must confess that, where our admiration and even reverence are so strongly enlisted, we are apt to be carried away at first beyond the bounds of our permanent convictions; to take over-precautions against our own pre-judgments; and yield ourselves too freely to the hand of a guidance felt to be generous and noble: and it requires time and calm review to recover from the mingled self-distrust and sympathy with which such companionship as our author's inspires us.

To the earlier part of this book singular freshness is given by its autobiographical form, and the perfect simplicity with which it lays open every state of mind bearing on the subsequent developments of opinion. The sketch so slightly given of the thoughtful and serious schoolboy, derided by hearts yet free from the claim of God, and comforted by the kindly clergyman who could read the spirit at work within; of the youth at Confirmation, chilled by the dry questions of the Examiner, and repelled by the sleeves and formality of the Bishop; of the Freshman at Oxford, signing the articles in all the joy of passionate belief, and then finding that among companions they were objects of general indifference; will wake in many a heart affecting memories of life's most fervid and fruitful hours. How far his religious life might have found a less troubled development, had it commenced under a simpler scheme of doctrine, we will not pretend to decide. But it is evident that so active an intellect, enclosed within the complicated economy of Calvinism, gave his faith no chance of long repose: and during his undergraduate course many questions had arisen, on the imputation of Christ's righteousness, on the obligation of the Sabbath, on the ground of difference between the Mosaic sacrifices and the Christian Atonement, on the meaning of the words "One" and "Three" in the Athanasian Creed, all of which he had answered in an unorthodox sense. But, above all, he had given up the doctrine of Infant Baptism, and on this account was almost deterred from the re-signature essential to his Bachelor's degree. Though he overcame his scruples thus far, they exercised a most important influence on the subsequent course of his life; deterring him from entering the Church; determining (we imagine) the class of Christians (the Baptists) whose communion he was afterwards to join; and bringing out for the first time that strong contrast between the brothers Newman, which has become so striking in its results. We have often heard the remark, that the radical characteristics of these two men are essentially the same; that the great problem of faith presented itself under like conditions to both; that their solutions, opposite as they seem, exhaust the logical alternative of the case, and are but the positive and negative roots of one equation; and that, but for accidental

causes, or the overbalance of a casual feeling, their paths might never have diverged. Upon the evidence of their writings, this estimate has always appeared to us curiously false : and a passage in the present volume, which exhibits the divergence at its commencement, corrects the opinion in a manner deeply instructive. Speaking of his crisis of difficulty respecting Baptism, our author says :—

“One person there was at Oxford, who might have seemed my natural adviser : his name, character, and religious peculiarities have been so made public property, that I need not shrink to name him :—I mean my elder brother, the Rev. John Henry Newman. As a warm-hearted and generous brother, who exercised towards me paternal cares, I esteemed him and felt a deep gratitude ; as a man of various culture and peculiar genius, I admired and was proud of him ; but my doctrinal religion impeded my loving him as much as he deserved, and even justified my feeling some distrust of him. He never showed any strong attraction towards those whom I regarded as spiritual persons : on the contrary, I thought him stiff and cold towards them. Moreover, soon after his ordination, he had startled and distressed me by adopting the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration ; and in rapid succession, worked out views which I regarded as full-blown ‘Popery.’ I speak of the years 1823-6 : it is strange to think that twenty years more had to pass before he learnt the place to which his doctrines belonged.

“In the earliest period of my Oxford residence, I fell into uneasy collision with him concerning Episcopal powers. I had on one occasion dropt something disrespectful against Bishops or a Bishop, something which, if it had been said about a Clergyman, would have passed unnoticed ; but my brother checked and reproved me,—as I thought, very unconstructively,—for ‘wanting reverence towards Bishops.’ I knew not then, and I know not now, why Bishops, *as such*, should be more revered than common clergymen ; or Clergymen, *as such*, more than common men. . . . I was willing to honour a Lord Bishop as a Peer of Parliament, but his office was to me no guarantee of spiritual eminence. To find my brother thus stop my mouth, was a puzzle ; and impeded all free speech towards him.”—P. 10.

Whence this incapacity for sympathy between two minds, both noble, both affectionate, trained in the same home, enriched by the same culture, intent upon the same ends ? With reasoning powers equally acute, and equally uncorrupted by passion or by self, they could not have found concurrence impossible, had it been within the



resources of logic or of faithfulness. The difference, we are persuaded, ascends behind these, and lies in the original data from which each inquirer proceeded as his primary conditions of belief: and we conceive that difference to be one which radically separates Catholic from Evangelical Churches, rendering their approximation intrinsically impossible, and limiting each to the range of one class of minds. A passing remark of our author's unconsciously opens to us the seat of this difference.

"For any one to avow that Regeneration took place in Baptism, seemed to me little short of a confession that he had never himself experienced what Regeneration is."—P. 15.

The new birth,—that is to say,—is something which must be *felt*, and felt under riper conditions than those of the infant Soul; felt as a lifted weight of sin, a broken bondage of self, a free surrender to the will of a forgiving God. This reconciliation of heart, this joyful spring of free affection into the infinite arms, is a fact in the history of thousands: and to him who knows it, it is vain to speak of any other Regeneration. To tell him that the sprinkled babe, in whom he sees nothing supervene, and who is evidently conscious of nothing but the water-drops, undergoes the stupendous change of a Divine adoption, seems to him to degrade the economy of Heaven to a level with the arts of conjuring. When God breaks into the human soul, shall it be without a trace? Must he not shake it to its centre? and as he obliterates its guilt, shall there be no sense of clearness, and no tears of joy to make a fruitful place for every seed of holiness? Thus the Evangelical insists on *consciousness* as an indispensable evidence of a divine change; and can accept nothing as *spiritual* except what declares itself, within the human spirit and exalts its highest action: and further, the kind of experience for which he looks is not possible to every mind, but is incident especially to passionate and impulsive souls. Not all good men, however, are formed in this mould: many who devoutly seek a union with God, and who believe a new birth to be the prerequisite condition, are never vividly conscious of any Divine irruption for the emancipation of their nature: and for the erasure of guilt and the visitation of grace they must look back beyond the period of memory to the cradle



of their life, and its earliest consecration : when they were born of water, they were doubtless born of the spirit too. True, the saving touch was reported to them by no feeling : but are there not secret workings of God ? and shall we deny Him because his approach is gentle, and his spirit, instead of tearing us in storm, spreads through us insensibly like a purifying atmosphere ? What hinders him from redeeming and improving a nature that knows not its benefactor except by faith ? If his presence lurks throughout unconscious Nature, and is the unfelt source of all the beauty, life, and order there, by what right can we affirm that his Spirit cannot evade our consciousness ? According to this view, which dispenses with the evidence of personal experience, the Soul, in the reception of grace, is regarded externally, as a natural object submitted to the disinfecting influence of God : and the Divine Spirit is treated as a kind of *physical* power of transcendent efficacy—or at least as an agency permeating physical natures, and so refining them as to transfigure them into spiritual life. No exact boundary is here drawn between the realm of sense and that of spirit,—between the material energy and the moral interposition of God ;—they melt into one another under the mediation of a kind of spiritual chemistry, descending into organic force on the one hand, and rising into the inspiration of holiness on the other. This appears to us to be the conception which underlies the peculiarities of Catholicism. Hence, the invariable presence of some physical element in all that it looks upon as venerable. Its rites are a manipular invocation of God. Its miracles are examples of incarnate divineness in old clothes and winking pictures. Its ascetic discipline is founded on the notion of a gradual consumption of the grosser body by the encroaching fire of the spirit ; till in the estatica, the frame itself becomes ethereal, and the light shines through. Nothing can be more offensive than all this to the Evangelical conception ; which plants the natural and the spiritual in irreconcilable contradiction, denies to them all approach or contact, and allows each to exist only by the extinction of the other. They belong virtually to opposite influences,—of Satan and of God. They follow opposite methods,—of necessary law and of free grace. They are cognizable by opposite faculties,—of

sense and understanding on the one hand ; of the soul upon the other. This unmediated dualism follows the Evangelical into his theory as to the state of each individual soul before God. The Catholic does not deny all divine light to the natural conscience or all power to the natural will of unconverted men : he maintains that these also are already under a law of obligation, may do what is well pleasing before God, and by superior faithfulness qualify themselves to become subjects of grace ; so that the gospel shall come upon them as a divine supplement to the sad and feeble moral life of nature. To the Evangelical, on the contrary, the soul that is not saved is lost ; the corruption before regeneration and the sanctification after it, are alike complete and without degree ; and the best works of the unconverted, far from having any tendency to bring them to Christ, are of the nature of sin. So again the contrast turns up in the opposite views taken of the divine economy in human affairs. The Evangelical detaches the elect in his imagination from the remaining mass of men, sequesters them as a holy people, who must not mix themselves with the affairs of Belial. He withdraws the Church from the world, and watches lest any bridge of transition should smoothen the way for a mingling of their feelings and pursuits. The more spiritual he is, the more will he abstain from political action, and find the whole business of government to be made up of problems which he cannot touch. The Catholic, looking on the natural universe, whether material or human, not as the antagonist, but as the receptacle, of the spiritual, seeks to conquer the World for the Church, and instead of shunning political action, is ready to grasp it as his instrument. As the Gospel is, in his view, but the supplement to natural Law, so is the Church but the climax of Government,—a Divine Polity for ruling the world in affairs of Religion. It was for want of this view that the younger Newman, while able to honour a Bishop "*as a peer of parliament*," (irrespective of the legislative faculties of the individual,) could pay no homage to his *church functions*, but, the moment he turned to these, looked only at the personal qualities of the man. The elder brother, preserving the analogy between the temporal and the spiritual constitution of the human world, recognised a corporate rule for both

relations; and saw no reason why if *office* were a ground of reverence in an earthly polity, it should have no respect in a divine.—We might carry this comparison of the two schemes into much greater detail, without any straining of its fundamental principle. But we must content ourselves with the summary statement that while (1.) the worldly and unreligious live wholly in the natural and ignore the spiritual; and (2.) the evangelical lives wholly in the spiritual as incompatible with the natural; (3.) the Catholic seeks to subjugate the natural (as he conceives God does) by interpenetration of the spiritual. The tendency to the one or the other of these religious conceptions marks the distinction between two great families of minds. The more impulsive and loving natures, whose good and evil are alike remote from self,—who find it an ill business to manage themselves, but can do all things by the inspiration of affection,—who detest prudence and are perverse against authority, but are docile as a child to one that trusts them with his tenderness,—are necessarily drawn to the Evangelical side. Where the Will on the other hand has a greater strength, and the Conscience a minuter vigilance; where emotion is less susceptible of extremes, and persistent discipline is more possible; there religion will appear to be less a conquest of the soul by Divine aggression, than a home administration quietly propagated from within; and the Catholic (which is also the Unitarian) conception will prevail. Intellectual power may attach itself indifferently to either side. But, if we mistake not, the imaginative faculty can scarcely co-exist in any high degree with the evangelical type of thought. Its tendency on this side is always to *romance*, which is the invariable sign of feeble imagination; inasmuch as it totally separates the real from the ideal, and keeps them apart like two worlds to be occupied in turns,—the dull and earthly,—the glorious and divine. In the Catholic theory, where the perceptive powers are less despised, and the natural and physical world is deemed not incapable of being the receptacle of God, the sense of Beauty has free range: it mediates between the spheres that else would lie apart, detects the ideal *in* the real, and like a golden sunset on the smoke-cloud of a city, glorifies the very soil of earth with heavenly light. We are convinced that to

some want of fulness in this department of our author's mind must be attributed many of the most questionable sentiments characteristic of his book:—especially his impatience at the historical details of the life of Christ, and his eagerness to hide the mysterious Jesus behind the clouds of heaven. Describing his impressions on first making the acquaintance of a Unitarian, he says,—

“I now discovered, that there was a deeper distaste in me for the details of the human life of Christ, than I was previously conscious of; a distaste which I found out, by a reaction from the minute interest felt in such details by my new friend. For several years more, I did not fully understand how and why this was; viz. that *my religion had always been Pauline*. Christ was to me the ideal of glorified human nature, but I needed some dimness in the portrait to give play to my imagination: if drawn too sharply historical, it sank into common-place and caused a revulsion of feeling. As all paintings of the miraculous used to displease and even disgust me from a boy by the unbelief which they inspired; so if any one dwelt on the special proofs of tenderness and love exhibited in certain words or actions of Jesus, it was apt to call out in me a sense, that from day to day equal kindness might often be met. The imbecility of preachers, who would dwell on such words as ‘Weep not,’ as if nobody else ever uttered such, has always annoyed me. I felt it impossible to obtain a worthy idea of Christ from studying any of the details reported concerning him. If I dwelt too much on these I got a finite object; but I yearned for an infinite one: hence my preference for John’s mysterious Jesus.”—P. 102.

We are far from asserting that the Unitarians are a peculiarly imaginative people: and the disposition, criticised by our author, to magnify small and inexpressive traits, is a sure indication of defect in that feeling of proportion which imagination always involves. But the tendency to unbelief in looking at pictorial representations of miracle; the inability to find an ideal unity in the real Jesus of Nazareth, or to see in that gracious and majestic form the spiritual glory for which the heart craves; and the apparent admission that *anything* realized, anything “too sharply historical,” thereby must “sink into common-place and cause a revulsion of feeling;” appear to us curiously to illustrate the un-idealizing character of the Evangelical mind, and its tendency to run into romance. We have not hesitated to dwell on the distinct mental bases of the rival

systems of religion, because, without reference to them, many of the experiences recorded in this volume can scarcely be interpreted, or its conclusions estimated aright. If the subject has brought us too near to personal criticism, our apology must be, that where great questions of faith are discussed in the form of self-revelations from an individual mind, the idiosyncrasy of the narrator is necessarily drawn in among the elements of the argument.

The close of his Oxford course left Mr. Newman fresh from the impression of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*—an enthusiastical and somewhat exclusive disciple of the Pauline Christianity. He was thus prepared, on his removal to a tutorship in Wicklow, to fall under the powerful influence of a devoted Evangelical missionary, of whom, under the designation of "the Irish Clergyman," a striking picture is presented. Negligent of his person, careless of his health, casting down in service of the cross the wealth of intellect and culture, this crippled devotee acquired, by force of will and high faithfulness of life, an ascendancy, like that of an apostle, over our author's mind. As the theory of this saintly man led him to scorn every pursuit that withdrew him from prayer and Missionary toil, and to discard every book except the Bible, so by the exercise of voluntary poverty and an unsparing self-sacrifice to the spiritual interests of the peasantry, did his practice severely realise his belief. It was doubtless this solid and absolute sincerity which led captive a soul like Mr. Newman's,—so profoundly truth-loving, yet at that time tremulous perhaps with the consciousness of intellectual tastes and social interests at variance with the spiritual concentration required by his creed. The overpowering impression of this new friend's character at once inspired him with a wish to engage in a mission to the heathen, and deepened in his mind the conviction, that the great instrument of conversion must be sought, not in conclusive arguments, but in persuasive lives; that the critical and learned evidences on which the miraculous claims of Christianity are made to rest, are too unwieldy to be generally efficacious; and that the *moral* appeal of the gospel to the conscience, must be the main reliance for evangelising the world. To embody this appeal in an actual church or fraternity planted upon Pagan soil, and silently appearing there in

all the expressiveness of Christian purity, patience and loving self-denial, became our author's single desire: and in 1830 he went out to Bagdad to join himself to a community of evangelical emigrants already established there with similar views under the influence of Mr. Groves. During a two years' residence in Persia, began the series of corrosions upon the strict orthodoxy of his creed, under which, after another period, the whole system of Calvinism collapsed. The logical activity of his intellect worked, for the present, entirely *within* the limits of the evangelical scheme, and in complete submission to the letter of Scripture. The first weakness detected,—the only one during absence in the East,—affected the doctrine of the Trinity. He found it impossible to reconcile the manifest subordination of the Son to the Father in the theology of Paul and John with the definitions of the Athanasian Creed. The considerations and the texts which forced this conviction upon him, like most of the trains of thought by which he passed to ulterior results—are familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the Unitarian controversy, and need not be presented here. Our author rested for a while in the Nicene doctrine of the *derived* nature of the Son, yet his homogeneity with the Father. While this dogmatic direction was prominently engaging his attention, it is plain that an under-current of thought, charged with most momentous tendencies, was already in motion;—a course of reflection on the logic of religious evidence, and the unmanageable nature of external proof in relation to spiritual truth. The following incident is rich in suggestion:—

“While we were at Aleppo, I one day got into religious discourse with a Mohammedan carpenter, which left on me a lasting impression. Among other matters, I was peculiarly desirous of disabusing him of the current notion of his people, that our gospels are spurious narratives of late date. I found great difficulty of expression; but the man listened to me with much attention, and I was encouraged to exert myself. He waited patiently till I had done, and then spoke to the following effect:—‘I will tell you, Sir, how the case stands. God has given to you English a great many good gifts. You make fine ships, and sharp penknives, and good cloth and cottons, and you have rich nobles and brave soldiers; and you write and print many learned books: (dictionaries and grammars :) all this is of God. But there is one thing that God has



withheld from you, and has revealed to us; and that is, the knowledge of the true religion, by which one may be saved.' When he thus ignored my argument, (which was probably quite unintelligible to him,) and delivered his simple protest, I was silenced, and at the same time amused. But the more I thought it over, the more instruction I saw in the case. His position towards me, was exactly that of a humble Christian towards an unbelieving philosopher; nay, that of the early Apostles or Jewish prophets towards the proud, cultivated, worldly-wise and powerful heathen. This not only showed the vanity of any argument to him, except one purely addressed to his moral and spiritual faculties; but is also indicated to me that Ignorance has its spiritual self-sufficiency as well as erudition; and that if there is a Pride of Reason, so it there a Pride of Unreason. But though this rested in my memory, it was long before I worked out all the results of that thought."—P. 52.

The love among saintly hearts is deep: but in the same proportion their jealousy is quick. No detective police has a vigilance so keen as the instinct of orthodoxy. On Mr. Newman's returning to England in hope of swelling the numbers of the Persian Mission, he had not performed his quarantine on board the ship, before he found that rumours of his unsoundness in the faith had preceded him. The usual results followed: for in these cases, where there is nothing to be forgiven, Christians never forgive. Having spoken at some religious meetings—unordained as he was,—he was cut off by his brother. Writing to the Irish clergyman to acknowledge his Nicene tendency, and to ask for an Athanasian explanation of the text, "To us there is but one God, the Father,"—he was peremptorily, and on pain of alienated friendship, desired to confess that "the Father" meant "the Trinity."

"The Father meant the Trinity!! For the first time I perceived, that so vehement a champion of the sufficiency of the Scripture, so staunch an opposer of Creeds and Churches, was wedded to an extra-Scriptural creed of his own, by which he tested the spiritual state of his brethren. I was in despair, and like a man thunder-struck. I had nothing more to say. Two more letters from the same hand I saw, the latter of which was, to threaten some new acquaintances who were kind to me, (persons wholly unknown to him,) that if they did not desist from sheltering me, and break off intercourse, they should, as far as his influence went, themselves everywhere be cut off from Christian communion and recognition.



This will suffice to indicate the sort of social persecution, through which, after a succession of struggles, I found myself separated from persons whom I had trustingly admired, and on whom I had most counted for union : with whom I fondly believed myself bound up for eternity ; of whom some were my previously intimate friends, while for others, even on slight acquaintance, I would have performed menial offices, and thought myself honoured ; whom I still looked upon as the blessed and excellent of the earth, and the special favourites of heaven ; whose company (though oftentimes they were considerably my inferiors either in rank or in knowledge and cultivation) I would have chosen in preference to that of nobles ; whom I loved solely because I thought them to love God, and of whom I asked nothing, but that they would admit me as the meanest and most frail of disciples. My heart was ready to break : I wished for a woman's soul, that I might weep in floods. Oh Dogma ! Dogma ! how dost thou trample under foot love, truth, conscience, justice ! Was ever a Moloch worse than thou ? burn me at the stake ; then Christ will receive me, and saints beyond the grave will love me, though the saints here know me not. But now I am alone in the world ; I can trust no one. The new acquaintances who barely tolerate me, and old friends whom reports have not reached, (if such there be,) may turn against me with animosity to-morrow, as those have done from whom I could least have imagined it. Where is union ? where is the Church which was to convert the heathen ?"—P. 58.

So bitter an experience cannot befall a sensitive and trusting soul, without driving it with sadness in upon itself, and shutting it up in a kind of lonely love, amid the sufficing sympathy of God. A heart of noble faith cannot indeed, like the worldly who have nothing in them that will *keep*, be soured by such disappointment ; and will even turn into a fruitful sorrow what to the others is an acrid poison eating to the very pith of life. But still, cruelty and injustice cannot go for nothing, or by the miraculous touch of ever so divine a spirit, be transmuted into *only* good. And there is a *religious* type of the unhappy influence produced by mortified hope,—a resolute isolation of soul, lofty towards men, that its tenderness may be reserved entire for God ;—a jealous zeal against the idols of the mind ;—and too quick an apprehension of thralldom from every affection that comes with offers of mediation between earth and heaven. Some traces of such a mood we do think apparent in Mr. Newman's later course of thought,—

an excessive resolve not to be imposed upon by conventional or got-up feelings,—a prosaic, not to say embittered estimate of human nature,—and a slowness to lay the heart freely open to reverential admiration. If it be so, it is but too high-strained a faithfulness to this noble vow and sweet submission :—

“The resolution then rose within me, to love all good men from a distance, but never again to count on permanent friendship with any one who was not himself cast out as a heretic.—Nor in fact, did the storm of distress which these events inflicted on me, subside, until I willingly received the task of withstanding it as God’s trial whether I was faithful. As soon as I gained strength to say, ‘O my Lord, I will bear not this only, *but more also*, for thy sake, for conscience and for truth,’—my sorrows vanished until the next blow and the next inevitable pang. At last my heart had died within me, the bitterness of death was past. I was satisfied to be hated by the saints, and to reckon that those who had not yet turned against me would not bear me much longer. Then I conceived the belief, that if we may not make a heaven on earth for ourselves out of the love of saints, it is in order that we may find a truer heaven in God’s love.”—P. 63.

The consciousness of unjust treatment had the salutary effect of raising in our author’s esteem the simple virtues of the good natural heart; the kindly presence of which would have protected him against the social persecution brought to bear upon him. He knew that the friends who were casting him off were persons of deeply devout minds. He knew that they did him cruel wrong. And this combination forced upon him the certainty, “that spirituality is no adequate security for sound moral discernment.” A kindlier disposition grew up towards the common world of men in whom the moral sentiments had not exalted themselves into religion: and a course of new thought arose, merging at last in the perception that Religion is but the culminating meridian of Morals, and God approachable only by the aim at infinite excellence. It was plain too, that those who did violence to their amiable nature in fancied obedience to the requirements of the Bible, easily fell into crooked and narrow ways: so that be the Scripture rule ever so unerring, it needs either an infallible guide, or a right mind, to interpret and apply it. No

inroad, however, had yet been made upon our author's reliance on the sacred writings, as oracles of supreme and perfect truth; or upon any portion of Calvinistic economy of salvation. The new force given to the moral sentiments revived an old aversion to the doctrine of reprobation, and rendered him so dissatisfied with the appeal to Sovereign Might in answer to objections springing from the sense of justice, that even Paul's authority, "Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God?"—could not stifle his repugnance. In an understanding thus disposed, in which Arbitrary and Infinite Will has ceased to afford a solid basis, it is plain that the whole Genevan system is undermined; and accordingly it rapidly became a mass of ruins. First, some stealthy glances at (we presume) Dr. Southwood Smith's Treatise on the Divine Government, in the library of an orthodox friend, opened up the question of eternal punishment: and the doctrine was discarded on grounds both critical and moral. Next, the Deity of Christ was lowered another step, from the consideration that a *derived* being must be derived *in time*, and cannot be co-eternal with his Source: and then another step again, in order to save some doctrine of Atonement, and obtain a *dead* Christ on Calvary,—which could not be if his nature were beyond the Arian measure. Finally, the entailment of moral corruption on the posterity of Adam is discovered to be without support from Scripture, and intrinsically absurd: and the depravity of human nature is reduced to the historically attested fact of wide-spread moral evil. Upon all these topics the narrative abounds with terse and animated reasonings. Their freshness, however, is mainly due to the directness with which they proceed from the independent action of our author's mind. In themselves they are not new to persons so far gone in heresy as our readers are likely to be: and we quit this part of our work with one citation. It contains an important testimony on behalf of an opinion, exceedingly startling to Unitarians, but, as we have long been convinced, radically sound. Mr. Newman is speaking of his state of mind, when he had resolved the riddle of the Trinity, and become,—in worship,—Unitarian:—

"After all, could I seriously think, that morally and spiritually

I was either better or worse for this discovery? I could not pretend that I was.

"This showed me that if a man of partially unsound and visionary mind made the angel Gabriel a *fourth person* in the Godhead, it might cause no difference whatever in the actings of his spirit. The great question would be, whether he ascribed the same moral perfection to Gabriel as to the Father. If so, to worship him would be no degradation to the soul; even if absolute omnipotence were not attributed, nay, nor a past eternal existence. It thus became clear to me, that Polytheism *as such* is not a moral and spiritual, but at most only an intellectual, error: and that its practical evil consists in worshipping beings whom we represent to our imaginations as morally imperfect. Conversely, one who imputes to God sentiments and conduct which in man he would call capricious or cruel, such a one, even if he be as Monotheistic as a Mussulman, admits into his soul the whole virus of Idolatry."—P. 89.

This crisis in Mr. Newman's course of thought,—when his orthodoxy was gone, but his faith in the authority of Scripture remained intact, was highly favourable for his introduction to the Unitarian conception of Christianity: and it so happened that just then he made the acquaintance of a professor of that faith, evidently qualified, by tenderness and piety of spirit, as well as by familiarity with the theology of his church, to represent the system in its most attractive form. It had however no charm for our author, whose training had been too exclusively Pauline to remove its Holy of Holies into the Gospels; who could not take up with the Judaical Messiah of Matthew, especially with the loss of the first chapters, by which alone the human Jesus could show title to be Lord of the living and the dead, and competency to stand forth as the moral image of God. So he passed this sect by, and pursued his way; taking up now a new set of researches: no longer trying dogmas by the test of Scripture; but trying Scripture by the test of History, Science, Criticism, and all the relevant fixed points in human knowledge. The question had long been struggling for attention in his mind, what was the just boundary between the authority of the letter and the rights of the spirit,—between revealed and natural religion. The *principle* on which, while yet a student, he had provisionally decided it, is the only one of which the case admits: he had consulted the *competency* of the human

reason and conscience in matters of religion ; and only beyond the limits of that competency had\*allowed miraculous attestation to possess oracular rights. In the *application* of this principle, however, lay the real difficulty : and here, as he freely allows, he had fallen into some vacillation and inconsistency. As the process of evangelical *conversion* begins with appealing to the sense of sin, and relies on the fears and despair incident to conscious alienation from God, his creed had obliged him to assume, among the data of the natural mind, a perception of right and wrong, a knowledge of God as Holy, and an anticipation of retributive justice. From this it would seem irresistibly to follow, that *the whole* of the *moral* elements of religion are within the reach of the human apprehension : for the consciousness which reports to us our alienation cannot be insensible to its removal : and if in the one case it forecasts the shadow of penal suffering, it cannot but throw forward in the other the promissory light of immortal joy. Yet this brighter half of the truth,—comprising the scheme of human *recovery*,—Mr. Newman had set down as beyond the ken of all our faculties ; regarding the Atonement, the Reconciliation, and the Life Eternal, as *outward facts* of the supernatural kind, cognizable only by miraculous media of attestation. The two lists of truths, professedly separated from each other as respectively internal and external—subjective conditions and objective facts,—by no means answer to this classification. The peace and hope of a reconciled mind are as truly matters of spiritual experience as the fever and terror of guilt : and on the other hand, the existence and Providence of God are no less objective facts than the life after death. Moreover, while in theory the only function reserved for revelation was the communication of “ external truths,”—the internal and spiritual being left to nature—the main practical reason for clinging to the miraculous had been a distrust of the *depraved moral perceptions* of man. Thus they are first set up as our sole reporters of internal truths, and then put down as untrustworthy : and to check and correct them, we are referred to an informant, whose cognizance is limited to the external. Whether some lingering traces of this logical confusion, which besets almost every scheme of Christian Evidences, may not even yet be found in our author’s creed, we will not

here pause to decide. For some time it continued to entangle him. The habit of distrusting the *moral* judgment, and of placing strong confidence in the results of inductive science and historical criticism, led him to test the infallibility of Scripture, in the first instance, by its verdict on matters clearly within the range of the common understanding,—of Geography, Physiology, Natural History, Language, &c. For one prepossessed with the demand for an unerring record,—one whose early faith had taken into its very essence the myths of Genesis, no less than the story of Gethsemane,—one who, under guidance of the systematising Paul, had worked his way back with one idea through all providential history from the Ascension to the Creation, and who expected, on retracing his steps, to find it all a drama with the opening in Eden, the development among the prophets, and the catastrophe on Calvary; it is easy to foresee the result. Bibliolatry was replaced by Iconoclasm: and the Scriptures lost by degrees, not simply their supernatural authority, but their natural credit. The course of discovery was so little different from the usual one, that it is needless to dwell upon it in detail. Beginning with the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, so evidently faulty and irreconcilable in their contents, and inconclusive in result, Mr. Newman soon found that no such thing as a harmony of the gospels could be made, and that they must be severally treated (the three first constituting practically only one) as human and fallible records. The same criticism, when applied to the Old Testament, invalidated the legends of the Fall and the Deluge, and brought to light the composite structure of the Pentateuch, out of various pre-existing materials. The direct sanction of Jehovah to the iniquities of early Israelitish history is found to be too distinctly claimed to be explained away by any theory of development or accommodation. The demonology of the first three Gospels seems so completely an integral and even a principal part of their evidence for the Messiahship, that the misconceptions involved in it affect, in our author's estimation, their whole case, and destroy all confidence in their narrations. One reliance after another thus giving way, he rests for a while on a consolatory suggestion of Dr. Arnold's,—that the Gospel of John stands alone and unassailable among the materials of pri-



mitive Christian history. The sober-minded Paul too had borne his witness to the risen Christ; and Peter had referred to the Transfiguration. Not even this narrow footing retains its firmness long. Without pronouncing against the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, Mr. Newman is so much impressed with the colouring evidently thrown over all its contents by the author's own mind, as well as by the negative evidence against the public and stupendous miracles which, half a century after their alleged occurrence, he exclusively reports, that he renounces the book as unhistorical. There remains however the dear and venerated Paul. Alas! he descants upon the gift of tongues! and our author, having fallen in the way of the Irvingite pretensions to this endowment, had learned at once to despise it, and to believe it identical in London with the apostolic phenomena at Corinth. This, with the good apostle's easy faith in trance or vision, betrays such eccentric notions of the logic of evidence, that no high estimate can be made of his testimony to the resurrection. He held himself indeed somewhat proudly independent of all natural sources of information respecting Christ, and declared his gospel to be a separate and personal revelation. Unless we know something of the *process* which Paul interpreted into divine communication, and could assure ourselves that it was not wholly subjective, we should not be justified in accepting objective history on his word. So the apostle of the Gentiles, revered for his spiritual greatness, is allowed, as a witness, to pass dishonoured away. One only hope yet remained. The main and central personage might be divine, though inaccessible through the unskilful reports of companions and followers. There was a message worthy of God to send, and, if the intended object of faith at all, needful for man thus to receive,—the tidings of an immortal life: perhaps after all, Jesus was invested with the Messiahship to be the bearer of this truth. Was he then the Messiah?—For an answer to this question we need not depend entirely on the evangelical records. We know in outline both the history of the Founder of Christianity, and the course run by his Religion. We know also whence the picture is drawn of the Ideal Personage fore-announced as the Messiah. By comparing the pre-conception with the facts,



we can pronounce whether a realization has taken place. Mr. Newman's examination dissipates the Messianic prophecies altogether; and he concludes that the last claim on behalf of Jesus vanishes with them. Finally, he digresses into a collateral discussion of the claims of Christianity on the gratitude of mankind for its beneficent influence on civilization: and he gives it as his judgment, that neither the woman nor the slave has any clear reason for looking on the gospel as an emancipating agency: and that we owe the Reformation, less to the disinterred Scriptures and the energies of Luther, than to the Heathen moralists and the revival of letters. Thus, with relentless perseverance, does our author wage war with every objective support of Religion, and not rest till, by sweeping off every medium, he has left a clear space between the individual soul and God. That with one so rich in devout and lofty sentiment, this may all take place, and cause "no convulsion of mind, no emptiness of soul, no inward practical change," we fully believe; we think the time is come when the whole series of external questions noticed by Mr. Newman should be discussed without expressions of holy horror, as if the ultimate essence of religion were profanely touched: and ere we proceed to declare our strong dissent from the most important of the author's negative conclusions, we desire to accept, upon his own terms, the claim of spiritual fellowship preferred in these admirable sentences:—

"I know that many Evangelicals will reply, that I never can have had 'the true' faith; else I could never have lost it: and as for my not being conscious of spiritual change, they will accept this as confirming their assertion. Undoubtedly I cannot prove that I ever felt as they now feel. Perhaps they love their present opinions *more than* truth, and are careless to examine and verify them: with that I claim no fellowship. But there are Christians of another stamp, who love their creed, *only* because they believe it to be true, but love truth, as such, and truthfulness, more than any creed: with these I claim fellowship. Their love to God and man, their allegiance to righteousness and true holiness, will not be in suspense and liable to be overturned by new discoveries in geology and in ancient inscriptions, or by improved criticism of texts and of history; nor have they any imaginable interest in thwarting the advance of scholarship. It is strange indeed to undervalue *that* Faith, which alone

is purely moral and spiritual, alone rests on a basis that cannot be shaken, alone lifts the possessor above the conflicts of erudition, and makes it impossible for him to fear the increase of knowledge." —P. 201.

When we say that with by far the greater part of Mr. Newman's criticism on the Old Testament, we are disposed to agree, and that we would by no means ask equal and indiscriminate admission for all the contents of the New, it will be plain that we are no Bibliolaters. But in simple obedience to the feeling of literary justice, we must profess our opinion, that the primitive Christian records do not receive fair treatment at his hands. The flaws which he enumerates, even if all admitted to be there, would not invalidate the large masses of history which he treats as worthless on their account: nor is it well to throw away wholesale such fruits of a tree of life,—reproductive seed and all,—in offence at the spots upon the skin. Whether when the necessary deductions have been made, what remains be worth preserving,—whether it be essence or only accident,—must certainly depend on our preconception of what we have a right to expect from the document. If we must find evidence enough to prove the book an oracle, and to establish all the sentiments, precepts and beliefs therein attributed even to its chief personage in the place of obligatory rules or incontrovertible truths, we freely own that the enterprise is hopeless. But that Revelation can be made only in the shape of orders imposed upon the will or information communicated to the understanding, is a postulate which we cannot allow. God may speak to us,—in praternatural as in natural providence,—through our moral perceptions and affections,—according to the manner of Art, by creation of spiritual Beauty, rather than after the type of Science, by logical delivery of truth. In this case, all that can be required of the vehicle is, that it be an adequate and preservative frame-work for the Divine image presented before the human soul. In the Gospels, taken with relation to the Pauline writings, this requisition appears to us fully met. Whatever uncertainty there may be, in this or that detail, as to what Christ *did*, there is surely no reasonable doubt as to what he *was*: and if this be left, then, so far from

all being lost, the essential power of the Christian religion is permanently safe. To our author's strictures on this conception of Christianity we shall hereafter advert : at present we postpone the dogmatic to the biblical question, whether in the Evangelist's writings we possess an authentic and divine picture of character. The tendency of Mr. Newman's mind to external observation is so strong, that he rarely resorts to the higher moral criticism which affects this point. While he repeatedly intimates his opinion that the reverential estimate of the character of Christ is a baseless exaggeration, we remember only two direct apologies for this opinion. The first is stated in the following passage : where, after justly vindicating the position, that miracles cannot turn aside the common laws of morality, he adds,—

“ But if only a *small* immorality is concerned, shall we then say that a miracle may justify it? Could it authorise me to plait a whip of small cords, and flog a preferment-hunter out of the pulpit? or would it justify me in publicly calling the Queen and her Ministers ‘ a brood of vipers, who cannot escape the damnation of hell? ’ Such questions go very deep into the heart of the Christian claims.”—P. 151.

The cleansing of the Temple “ a small immorality ! ” an offence against politeness ! Yes : the prophetic spirit is sometimes oblivious of the rules of the drawing-room : and inspired Conscience, like the inspiring God, seeing a hypocrite, will take the liberty to say so, and to act accordingly. Are the superficial amenities, the soothing fictions, the smotherings of the burning heart, needful for the common usages of civilisation and the comfortable intercourse of equals, really paramount in this world, and never to give way? and when a soul of power, unable to refrain, rubs off, though it be with rasping words, all the varnish from rottenness and lies, is he to be tried in our courts of compliment for a misdemeanour? Is there never a duty higher than that of either pitying or converting guilty men,—the duty of publicly exposing them? of awakening the popular conscience, and sweeping away the conventional timidities, for a severe return to truth and reality? No rule of morals can be recognised as just, which prohibits conformity of human speech to fact, and

insists on terms of civility being kept with all manner of iniquity. Offensive as may be the *expression* "brood of vipers," it is hardly so offensive as the *thing*; and when corrupt and venomous times have not only generated it, but brought it to coil around the altar, and hinder the approach of hearts too pure to worship it, can any law of God forbid to crush it with the heel of scorn? There are crises in human affairs, when the sympathies of noble minds, like parties in a convulsed and struggling nation, cannot avoid vehement contrast and disruption; when compassion for a deluded people involves open denunciation of the deceivers who ought to be the guides; and when scolding invective,—the *ultima ratio* of speech,—becomes as much a necessity of justice and as little a violation of any worthy love, as an appeal to the sword by the redeemers of an injured Commonwealth. The presumed analogy between Mr. Newman's infliction of personal castigation on a clergyman in the pulpit and Christ's act in driving the sheep and oxen from the temple-courts is not fortunate. Indeed, we must say, in reference to this whole stricture, that Criticism, in its lashing moods, has seldom, in our opinion, plaited a whip of *smaller* cords.

The other moral charge against the Author of Christianity is rather implied than directly stated, and is necessarily mixed up with other considerations not properly *moral*. He gave himself out as the Messiah; and he was evidently *not* Messiah: he must have been conscious of his inability to support the character; yet to the last he refused to quit the pretension. Now we admit, in a certain sense, every one of these propositions: yet maintain that they establish no point whatsoever against the perfect truth and sanctity of Christ. This statement will cease to appear paradoxical, when due allowance is made for the vague and ambiguous meaning of the word "*Messiah*." It is needless to say, that this term denotes no real object *in rerum naturâ*, but a wholly ideal personage, the arbitrary product of Jewish imagination. As in all such cases of mental creation, the attributes assigned to him,—being free from all restraint of fact,—were exceedingly numerous and indeterminate,—involving features personal, political, and religious: nor was the type so rigorously fixed as not to yield, with adequate pliancy, to the plastic pressure of each

believer's individual temperament and thought. The Messianic characteristics needed to satisfy the compilers of the first three Gospels were different from those demanded by the writer of the fourth ; and yet another set were requisite for Paul. How are we to apply a conception so shifting as a criterion of the reality of a divine mission, and of the sincerity of one professing to be charged with it ? It would be easy, in every imaginable case, to find out attributes in the national preconception which would be missing in the individual realization ; the concrete combination of all being simply impossible. True it is, that, conversely, the cases were proportionably frequent in which *some* features were sufficiently present to allow of plausible pretensions to the character. But this only proves how unfit is an ideal image like this to serve as a test of spiritual claims. What are the decisive marks which are indispensable to the assertor of Messiahship ? Mr. Newman seeks them in the Hebrew prophecies which furnished the first lineaments of the conception : and protests that to these representations there is little in Jesus which truly corresponds. But does he forget that, in trying the pretensions of Isaiah and the Hebrew bards, he had already condemned these very passages as empty of all prediction, and justifying no such expectation as was afterwards based upon them ? He thus withdraws the national ideal from the Old Testament ; and then puts it in again for the refutation of the Christian claims : and makes it a charge against Jesus, that he *did not realize certain non-existent prophecies*. The discrepancy between the historical picture in the New Testament and the pseudo-prophetic in the Old, might reasonably be urged by a Jew ; but to Mr. Newman it should rather afford an evidence that the Evangelical narrative is a sketch from the life, and not a mythical fancy-piece imitated from David and Isaiah. No doubt Jesus, by the very act of appealing to the Hebrew Scriptures, assumes their Messianic import, and so betrays his participation in the common misconception of their meaning. But this implies no more than such fallibility in matters of intellectual and literary estimate, as every theory must allow which leaves to the inspired prophet any human faculties at all, or any means of contact with the mind of his age and nation. Inspiration in matters of textual criticism and

exegesis can be demanded only by a theology beneath contempt ; and least of all by our author, who so widely separates the functions of the intellect and the soul, and protests against all qualifying of spiritual perceptions by learned judgments. No *moral* charge is established, until it is shown, that in applying the old prophecies to himself, Jesus was *conscious* that they did not fit. This however is not shown and cannot be shown. The absence in him of some of the prophetic lineaments was so compensated by the intensity of others, that no suspicion can be thrown upon the purity and sincerity of his claim ; especially as it was in the accidents of external power that he was wanting, and in the essence of spiritual light that he abounded. He claimed to be "Messiah," it is said ; and "Messiah he was *not*." True ; and if he was *less* than this, we can reverence him no longer. But if he was *more*, only could find no other language than the Messianic in which to interpret to himself and others the feeling of his Divine call, then was the national formula the mere vehicle furnished by history for an essential fact, the modest costume disguising a divine reality : and the only error in the account which Christ gives of himself lies in its affirming far less than the truth. In the theocratic faith which occupied Palestine, two distinct elements co-existed,—the political and the religious ; the former promising external glories according to the type, but transcending the limits, of the united monarchy ; the latter intent upon the realization of a spiritual Ideal, including the restoration of pure worship and the establishment of men in a saintly fraternity in immediate communion with Heaven. As the first of these elements supplied natural materials to the ambition and vanity of pretenders, so did the second offer a receptacle to which the holiest mind and the highest inspiration would not shrink from resorting. So was it, as we believe, with Christ. The political functions of Messiah he never positively denied, or absolutely cleared out from his mere speculative representations of the future. But an infallible moral perception and affections spiritually pre-occupied, detained him from every tendency to realize them ; made him regard their practical occurrence to his mind as a diabolical Temptation ; and drove him into mountain solitudes, when eager multitudes



would set him up for king. Whether, according to the account in the first three Gospels, he dealt with the political part of the Messianic scheme, when it obtruded itself, by *putting it off* into the future; or whether, according to John, he got rid of it by *melting it* absolutely and immediately away in the spiritual; either method is so true to the instinct of a mind too clear and holy to touch what it is not sceptical enough to disbelieve, that we wonder at the preference shown for the vulgar imputation,—“ Depend upon it, Jesus would have raised an army if he could; and only talked about religion, because there was nothing else that he could do.”

The fact to which we have adverted,—the investiture of a spiritual mission with a Messianic form,—explains a phenomenon in John’s gospel to which Mr. Newman applies (p. 146) some severe criticisms. That gospel betrays great vacillation in its estimate of the logical value of miracles: representing Christ sometimes as reproving the demand for a miracle, and blessing those whose faith can dispense with such support; sometimes as appealing to miracle as a just basis for belief. The fact of this mixed appeal is indisputable: and to us it seems in every way suitable to the mixed character sustained by Jesus, as *human* or universal prophet, and as *national Messiah*. The miracles to which he appeals were regarded as the proper *signs* of theocratic *power*; the faith without miracle was the just demand he made on the spiritual sympathies of good hearts. They were severally insisted on in behalf of different positions: the one to prove his Jewish Messiahship; the other, his insight into Divine things hidden from the possible apprehension of no pure soul. In the latter, we are concerned with the permanent life of Christianity; in the former, with its mere door of entrance upon the theatre of human affairs.

The absence of this distinction appears to us a frequent cause of unconscious unfairness in Mr. Newman’s strictures. The rules of estimate which you would apply to a philosophical system are very different from those by which you appreciate an historical development:—in the one case, they are *absolute*, furnished by your conceptions of what is abstractedly true in itself: in the other, they are *relative*, and have regard to actual human conditions, admitting or



excluding what was better or worse. In a philosophical theory, every blemish and omission is justly held to detract from its merits: but in an historical development, such imperfections may be due not to the new but to the old,—to the irremovable data of feeling and belief which the young agency finds in occupation of the field given for its work. This difference is not annihilated, when we have to do with supernatural instead of natural affairs. Revelation may assume the form either of a divine philosophy, professing to furnish unconditioned truth: or of a divine influence cast into the midst of the world's development, and weaving a pattern of more than human art and beauty into the texture of history. It is in the former aspect that our author contemplates the religion of Christendom; and he is thus led to charge upon it many things that cannot justly be laid to its account. Christianity, as presented in the Scriptures, is a composite fabric;—the woof of Christ's personal spirit thrown across the warp of an antecedent Judaism: and it is not fairly answerable for flaws and stains in that which it found already stretched upon the loom. Thus, when Mr. Newman imputes to the New Testament the doctrine, that God punishes men "for holding an erroneous creed" (p. 168), he states what is partially true, yet leaves on the whole an impression quite false. Such a sentiment is entirely foreign to the religion of Christ, as distinguished from the previous Hebrew theology: and everything which resembles it is an uncanceled remnant of the earlier system. From the very nature of the case, every theocratic scheme is necessarily exclusive. The Gospel, born within the limits of such doctrines, could not, in taking all their grandeur, escape at once the whole of their severity. But its entire tendency was to destroy the previous narrowness; and to throw open, as well as purify, the terms of communion with God. For exclusion by *race* and other arbitrary external disqualifications, it substituted exclusion by *spiritual condition alone*. It may be said, that the required spiritual condition involved a creed. Even this however, though undeniably true, is not a characteristic description of the fact. It was reverence for a Person, not reception of Propositions, which constituted the Apostolic test; an allegiance of soul to the heavenly Christ, not an affirma-

tion by the intellect of metaphysic dogmas. And may it not be reasonably doubted whether, under the then condition of the world, any other test could have effected a truer moral partition of that portion of mankind with which the apostles came in contact? If our modern doctrine,—of God's indifference to men's creed,—had been propagated in an age when creed was no affair of conscientious private judgment, but was mixed up inseparably with moral and social causes, and if the Apostle of the Gentiles had preached at Ephesus and Corinth out of the "Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions," how would the Divine crusade have prospered against the zealotry of Jerusalem and the idolatrous corruptions of the Roman Empire? Paul, avowedly expecting an end of the world, proclaimed a divine classification of mankind in regard to that great catastrophe,—a classification involving probably no such incorrect moral estimate after all. If, by an absurd Bibliolatry, men have imported a division, similar in sound but not in sense, into a stage of the world and conditions of human character never contemplated by him, with what justice are his writings made answerable for the folly and narrow-heartedness of his readers? The same refusal to take any account of historical conditions influences our author's judgment as to the doctrine of demoniacal possession. That this superstition embodied in the Scriptures has been the cause of many evils, is incontrovertible. But causes anterior to Christianity created the superstition: a Bibliolatry, of which Christianity is independent, prolonged it. It is easy to expatiate upon the mischiefs of this or any other error left uneradicated by the new religion: but, unless we take into comparison the state in which the case had been *before* or would have been *without* Christianity, we shut out the conditions of all rational judgment. For ourselves we are convinced that the Dualistic belief expressed in the doctrine of *possession* is truer and more favourable to moral progress, than any theory of unreduced evil accessible under the same conditions of the human intellect. To ask for the religious fruits of physical science, before that science exists, appears to us in the highest degree unreasonable.

The immense extent of ground traversed by our author's Biblical criticism, renders it impossible for a Reviewer to

follow him in detail. We would gladly have said something in defence of the Pauline logic, and the peculiar sources of the Pauline gospel; as well as in correction of Mr. Newman's verdict respecting the fourth gospel,—a verdict which appears to us far too positive and to some extent resting on fanciful grounds. But these topics cannot be fairly treated without a minuteness of discussion of which our readers would justly complain: and we confess our inability, from consciousness of the real difficulties attending them, to deal with them in any very confident and dogmatic tone. We are not sure, however, that the apostolic "logic" which our author so much slights, was not, on some points, sounder than our own: and we cannot share his unqualified distrust of all subjective impressions as media of revelation. We are the less able to discuss these questions with him, because we cannot make a consistent whole of his own logic of evidence in relation to them. He distinctly lays it down (p. 152), that "it is *in the spirit* alone that we meet God, *not* in the communications of sense;" yet objects to Paul's ἀποκάλυψις, that we know not whether "he saw a sight, or heard a sound" (p. 148), and that "he learned his gospel by an *internal revelation*"—(p. 181). He admits that it "was to the *inward senses* that the first preachers of Christianity appealed, as the supreme arbiters in the whole religious question" (p. 156); and that "all evidence for Christianity must be *moral* evidence" (p. 217): yet his complaint is always of the want of *external* guarantee. If all the evidence must be moral and spiritual, then all matters not included in this category leave the evidence untouched: and the religion remains unaffected by the errors in history, geography, construction of miracle, and logic, which our author discerns in its first records. In short, the *proof* is allowed to be exclusively moral and spiritual: yet the *disproof* alleged is historical, scientific and metaphysical.

In his criticism of Doctrine, Mr. Newman comments on the theory of Christianity, to which we have already referred with approval, viz. that the religion is embodied in the Life and Spirit of Christ, who is a perfect man and the moral image of God. He assigns "many decisive reasons," why it was impossible "that such a train of thought could recommend itself to him for a moment." The first of

these reasons is, that Religion would still remain a problem of literature; for, beautiful as the picture of Jesus may be, how but by a refined and elaborate criticism, can we tell whether the portrait may not be imaginary instead of real? We reply; Religion may fitly remain thus far a problem of literature; nor is it apparent how we are ever, except through the medium of preservative records, to be placed in mental contact with the objects of just reverence that have visited our world; yet are these objects the grand agencies for the devout education of individuals and nations. So long indeed as it is asserted that faith in Christ is the *condition of salvation* and the *essential to the Divine favour*, it is grossly inconsistent to make it at the same time contingent on a trembling balance of critical evidence: and against the exclusive scheme of orthodox churches, this objection presses with irresistible weight; for there the propositions to be accepted are of infinite intricacy, and the results of mistake, a hopeless and eternal ruin. But in the theory now before us, the burthen of consequences is reduced to the ordinary freight of truth and error; and the critical problem,—whether such a being as Jesus Christ really lived, and was such as the gospels and Paul represent,—is so simple, that no serious uncertainty can be pretended in respect to it. Mr. Newman appears to us to strain till it breaks the principle that religion must ask for nothing beyond the individual spirit of the most ignorant human being. To insist that it shall owe nothing to the Past, and be the same as if there were no history; to demand that each shall find it for himself *de novo*, as if he were the first man and the only man; to rely, for its truth or its progress, on its perpetual personal reproduction in isolated minds;—is to require terms which the nature of man forbids and the Providence of God will disappoint. Transmitted influence from soul to soul, whether among contemporaries, or down the course of time, is not only as *natural*, but as *spiritual*, as the direct relation of each worshipper to God. Indeed traditional faith,—communicated reverence,—is that which distinguishes the nobler religion of civilized and associated nations from the egotism of Fetish worship: and it cannot be that a tendency which only a few lonely minds are capable or desirous of escaping, is without any proper function in the world. Nor is it

right to judge these Unitarians who are the objects of Mr. Newman's strictures, as if their doctrine were "new," as if they went back on a general excursion through history, and fetched up thence, by their private selection, a person fit to be the moral image of God. They merely attempt to state the essential spirit of a ready-made fact. They observe a past and present Christendom, actually worshipping a God who is the glorified resemblance of Christ. They have not to establish the habit, and make good the whole series of antecedents from which it has arisen: but finding it in possession of the field, to make a just estimate of its intrinsic truth and excellence. Looking at it thus, they simply say, 'This is good, this is the truest and divinest of which we can think; the moral instinct of Christendom is right.' It will be time enough to present complaints on behalf of the poor and uneducated, when the majesty and sanctity of Christ's mind have practically become as liable to doubt, as the reality of some of the miracles, and the authorship of some of the books. Meanwhile, we believe the intuitive feeling to be perfectly well founded, that superhuman goodness *cannot* be feigned by any act of free imagination; and to be fully justified by that "vast moral chasm between the Gospel and the very earliest Christian writers," which left upon Mr. Newman himself a "sense of the unapproachable greatness of the New Testament." And after all, come what may of the possibility of critical verification, the Divine Image furnished by the life of Christ is now secured to the soul of Christendom,—presides in secret over its moral estimates, directs its aspirations, and inspires its worship. In proportion as this *educative* function of historical reverence is protracted and complete, does it become of less moment to verify its sources in detail. The eye, once couched and trained to the usages of vision, does not relapse into the dark, when the traces are lost or the knowledge is wanting of the process and instrument of recovery. And when called upon to quit its estimate of the holiness of Christ, by critics who say, 'Give God the praise; we know that this man is a sinner;' Christendom, like the disciple blind from his birth, may be content to reply, 'Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not: one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'

To the form of Christianity which we are considering, Mr. Newman further objects that the asserted perfectness in the character of Christ is wholly imaginary ; and, if he were physically human, intrinsically incredible. As the first of these allegations is simply an expression of the author's personal distaste, and is not otherwise supported than by the statement that, for his part, he prefers Fletcher of Madeley (himself, we presume, a disciple), to Jesus of Nazareth, it admits of no reply beyond an expression of surprise at an estimate so singular. Even the vagaries of Rousseau led him to no such eccentricity of scepticism ; and amid doubt of every authoritative claim, he closed the gospel with the acknowledgment that Jesus "lived and died like a God." Certainly, if Dr. Fletcher of Madeley does really appear to our author a *perfect man*, he must and will (whether the fact be recognised or not) so far assume in his mind the function of Christ, as to furnish the richest moral elements to his conception of God. But for ourselves we must confess a difficulty,—unfelt perhaps by Mr. Newman, but common to all dependent minds,—in standing quite alone in admiration, and trusting our absolutely solitary perceptions, as we should those in which thousands of brethren joined with us, and declared the light of heavenly beauty to lie upon the very spot which it paints for us. The established power of a soul over multitudes of others,—its historic greatness,—its productiveness, through season after season of this world, in the fruits of sanctity, *must* inevitably enter as an element into our veneration : and scarcely do we dare, by free homage of the heart, to own the trace of God in another's life, till we find our comrades in sympathy with us. Till then, we feel as though we might be magnifying our idiosyncracies, and throwing over the universe the speck or tint of our own eye. Therefore it is that no private person, even though he more intensely stirs the distinctive affections of our narrow individuality, can ever come into just comparison with Christ, or become the object of that broad and trustful reverence which rather draws the soul out of itself, than drives it more closely inward. We know there must be a limit to this dependence ; and we honour from our hearts those who, from clearness of eye and courage of soul, can be *first* disciples of any prophet of God. But



even they do not contemplate remaining alone ; they live on the concurrence of the future, though not of the present and the past, and attest the ideal need of sympathy to faith. Between the boldness of him who interprets the future exclusively by himself, and the dependent temper of those who correct and confirm themselves by reference to the past, we will not attempt to adjust the balance. But Fletcher of Madeley does not tempt us to sever ourselves from the common consciousness of Christendom. Mr. Newman, in treating of this topic, advances a logical criticism to which we can by no means subscribe :—

“ It is not fair to ask (as some whom I exceedingly respect do ask), that those who do not admit Jesus to be faultless and the very image of God, will specify and establish his faults. This is to demand that we will *presume* him to be perfect, until we find him to be imperfect. Such a presumption is natural with those who accept him as an angelic being ; absurd in one who regards him as a genuine man, with no preternatural origin and power. If by sensible and physical proof the orthodox can show that he is God incarnate, it will be reasonable to assume that he is a perfect specimen of moral excellence, and after this it will be difficult to criticize. But when sensible proof of his immaculate conception and of his Godhead is allowed not to exist, and maintained to be abstractedly impossible, I have no words to express my wonder at that logic, which starts by acknowledging and establishing his simple manhood, proceeds to *presume* his absolute moral perfection, *throws on others the task of disproving the presumption*, and regards their silence as a verification that he is God manifest in the flesh.”—P. 211.

In spite of these startling expressions of wonder, we must persist in presuming Jesus to be perfect, till shown to be imperfect. We derive our estimate of him wholly from the picture presented in the gospels,—purified certainly by some critical clearances, defensible by canons of internal evidence,—and so long as this picture presents no moral imperfections, we must decline supplying them out of the resources of fancy. In *presuming* Christ to be perfect, we simply refuse to suppose a drawback on what we see from what we do not see, and insist on forming our judgment from the known, without arbitrary modification from the unknown. No doubt Jesus, as a being open to temptation, was intrinsically capable of sin : but this, as a



set-off against the positive evidence of holiness, no more proves *actual* imperfection, than the mere capacity for goodness in the wicked, proves their actual perfection. How can character ever be estimated but by the phenomena through which it expresses itself in the life? and how can these be set aside by abstract considerations respecting the rank and parentage of the moral agent? According to our author, we are to distrust our own moral perceptions, and believe apparent beauty to be real deformity, until a *physical* proof of Godhead is superadded: and we are, in this instance, to contradict his own rule, that spiritual discernment requires no voucher from external miracle. We are at a loss to conceive in what way a superhuman physical nature could tend in the least degree to render moral perfection more credible. The classifications of Natural History are not to be obtruded upon Religion; and gradations of excellence to be merged in distinctions of Species. Christ had the *liability* to sin, not because he was *human*, but because he was *free*; and whatever presumption of imperfection arises hence, would have arisen no less, had he been an angel of the highest rank. All souls are of one species: or rather, are lifted above the level where diversity of species prevails; so as to range not with Nature but with God. The same Laws, the same Love, the same Will, the same Worship, pervade them all, and make them of one clan: nor is there any portion of the series whence a perfect sanctity might not be evolved with equal possibility and with similar result. It is strange that Mr. Newman should stipulate for the immaculate conception, as a condition of believing any exalted character in Christ; and should forget that the gospel which makes him diviner than all the rest (that of John), knows nothing of the miraculous birth, and teaches, apart from all physical conditions, the very doctrine now the object of remark. That the apostle Paul never dwelt on the earthly life of Christ; that no relies, no *holy coats*, and other results of tender and human affection for an historical personage, appeared in the first age, proves no more than that the expectation of the near Advent withdrew the mind of the early Church from the Past to the Future, and kindled a faith too dazzling for quiet retrospection. The personal object however, though placed in

the imaginary scene before, instead of among the realities behind, was still the same. And as soon as the anticipation of his re-appearance faded away, the eye of the Church, unable to quit the image, changed its direction, and sought him where alone he was to be found, in the fields of Palestine and the courts of Jerusalem; and thenceforth enthusiastic hope was replaced by historic reverence. Indeed the stories of the Birth and Infancy with which two of the Gospels open, show that the retrospective attitude of faith had already been assumed. It is vain to quote Paul against this view, and in favour of an estimate which reduces the earthly life of Jesus to "common-place." If to him the Christ above was the "Ideal of glorified human nature,"—heavenly before his birth, heavenly after his death—how, in the intermediate ministry on earth, could Paul, like Mr. Newman, suppose him quite common and undivine? If the history of that ministry failed to support the impression of the Pauline ideal, how could the Apostle's theory escape the most formidable difficulties? It was the same Jesus that had presented himself in both spheres: and the unity of the character must be preserved by those whose veneration is directed towards him in either. Paul's imagination *descended* from Christ in heaven to Christ on earth; ours *ascends* from Christ on earth to Christ in heaven; and ends with enthroning him where Paul first knew him. Whichever path of transition be taken, the moral conception of the Person must be the same; having on him the traces of that ideal perfectness in the faith of which both theories terminate. The acceptance of Christ, therefore, as the moral image of God, appears to us to be strictly involved in the Pauline Gospel, and to be quite as compatible with a human as with an angelic rank.

Mr. Newman objects in conclusion against this version of Christianity, that it attempts to combine incompatible conditions,—to save free Criticism without sacrificing Authority: and that there is "something intensely absurd in accepting Jesus as the Messiah, and refusing to acknowledge him as the *authoritative teacher*, to whose wisdom we must pay perpetual, unlimited, unhesitating homage"—(p. 212). Now we fully concur with our author in rejecting all notion of an absolute oracle, to whose *dicta*

we are submissively to bow : nor do we know of *any* general proposition which we should think it right to accept *merely* on the word of Jesus. We further allow, that this withdrawal from him of the oracular function probably *is* at variance with the Jewish conception of Messiah's office. But we deny that it is at variance with the Christian conception of a moral type of Divine Perfectness. The most faultless administration of life, the most saintly communion with God, the divinest symmetry of soul, may surely co-exist with limited knowledge : and sinlessness of Conscience does not require Omniscience in the Understanding. To be no great scholar in Chaldee, and ill-read in the Court-annals of the Seleucidæ, and consequently make mistakes about the book of Daniel, and not see what is invisible in the destinies of the Roman empire ;—how does this hinder the exercise of pure affection and the life of holy faithfulness ? Goodness is qualitative ; knowledge is quantitative : and throughout every variety in the quantity, immaculateness is possible in the quality. In the power natural to the higher soul over the lower, in the silent appeal which the beauty of its holiness makes to the struggling and feeble will, there is indeed an exercise of *authority*, and of the only kind that is ultimately possible : but it involves no intellectual dictation, and is indeed consistent with none : it gives not a true proposition to our assent, but a divine object to our perception : and while the moral and spiritual intuition are reverently engaged upon the person, leaves the logical understanding free play among all ideas. Mr. Newman is fond of drawing the distinction between the spiritual and the intellectual in the case of ordinary men. No one demonstrates more convincingly the independence of religious insight on all conclusions of the scientific judgment and states of objective knowledge ; protests more strongly against every demand of *right belief* in matters external as a test of nearness to God ; or better shows the open communion of the Father of lights with his children in proportion to their purity of heart, irrespective of the culture and correctness of the mind. Why is this to be true of the disciples, and false of the Master ? With what consistency is the Spirit of God made indifferent to intellectual conditions in the one case, yet tested by infallibility in the

other? Our author has only to extend to the Founder the conception of inspiration on which he insists in the Church; and he obtains the completest answer to his own demand for an oracular Christ.

The re-action of our author's mind against his early belief does not affect merely his views of the *sources* of Christianity. He criticizes also its *history*; and denies its beneficent agency, even in directions wherein it has hitherto been regarded as scarcely open to challenge. It has done nothing, he thinks, to improve the condition of the woman or the slave: its spread, no less than that of Mohammedanism, has been the work of the sword: and it has rather restricted, than produced, the benefits of the Reformation. Nothing in this volume has so amazed us as the disproportion between the magnitude of these propositions and the slenderness of the grounds on which they are made to rest. First, as to the condition of women; he urges, that "the real elevators of the female sex are the poets of Germanic culture, who have vindicated the spirituality of love and its attraction to character"—(p. 165); that the Apostle Paul, far from reaching any such sentiment, discourages marriage, except as a means of escaping the temptations of passion; and that in the South of Europe, where Germanic feeling has taken no root, the relative position of the sexes is not improved. In relation to this question, as to many others, we protest against the identification with Christianity itself of the personal views of this or that Apostle: we are not to seek in the crude germ of the religion for that which belongs to its full and developed fruit. It is enough (and this surely is incontrovertible) that Paul's doctrine on this subject was a vast *improvement* on the Gentile morality which it replaced; that the rules which he imposed on the administrators and members of the Christian communities were the only ones which could give scope for the spontaneous growth of the best sentiments; and that his treatment of the case, having exclusive reference to the end of the world supposed to be imminent, was never intended to serve for all time, and owed to its provisional purpose whatever is questionable in it. And after all, unjust as it is to measure the ultimate tendency of an historical influence by its incipient phenomena, there does

appear to us a manifest trace, in the first age itself, of an ennobling influence from the recognised spiritual equality of the sexes. The women of Galilee and the sisters of Bethany, the helpers of Paul in Macedonia and Corinth, the martyred deaconesses of Lyons and Carthage, were surely lifted by their faith into a consciousness of the claims of the soul, to which nothing in Pagan antiquity can present a moral parallel. We have no desire to derogate from the just merits of German sentiment; or to establish any competition of pretension between its influence and that of Christianity. But is it too much to say, that, for the production of their beneficent results, the two agencies had to concur; and that if, on the one hand, the religion was comparatively barren till it struck upon the German soul, so, on the other, that soul had but the latent capacity for nobler development, till quickened by reception of the religion? We certainly believe that the chief function of the first eight centuries of the Church was to hand over the religion to its proper receptacle in the Teutonic mind,—there for the first time to exhibit on a large scale its native vitality and find its appointed nourishment. Still, if we remember right, the chivalric poetry arose, not in the Germanic race, but among the Romanesque tribes of Spain, France, and Italy; and flourished most where the Albigensian spirit had freest way and the power of the priesthood was most weakened. Sismondi remarks the coincidence, in the Romance literature, of an elevated sentiment towards woman, with bitter satire upon the clergy: and we apprehend it was a true instinct which led the poet, inspired with any delicate and noble love, to turn his antipathies upon the sacerdotal system. That system it is which to this day prevents the sanctity and lowers the dignity of domestic life in the south of Europe; and makes the difference between the love which figures in an Italian opera, and that which breathes in the strains of Tennyson. It cannot be pretended that the Papal and priestly institutions, at whose door this evil is to be laid, afford any true representation of the religion of Christ. Wherever the characteristic sentiments of Christianity have had free action, wherever the faith has prevailed that life is a divine trust, committed to souls dear to God, equal among themselves, and each the germ of an immor-

talities, there and there alone has domestic affection been so touched with reverence and confidence, as to retain its freshness to the end, and afford a chastening discipline through life. The doctrines about the "Rights of Woman," which have sprung from theories of political equality, and disowned the partnership of religious sentiment, have invariably produced great moral laxity: and, in spite of high imaginative talk, fascinating to excitable natures, yield nothing truly noble, but only the monster greatness of mingled intellect and passion. The man and the woman can never learn each other's infinite worth, except in the absence of the priest, and in the presence of their God. Who can deny that this secret has been learned among the lessons of a Christian civilisation?

The credit assigned to Christianity as the foe of slavery is also, in our author's opinion, unmerited. No apostle denounces the system; which receives indeed a sort of sanction from the silence of the New Testament respecting it, and from Paul's act of sending back Onesimus to his master Philemon. Good Pagan Emperors of Rome softened the rigours of slavery, but during the several centuries in which Christianity acted in the empire, it produced no opposition to the system. In modern times, serfdom was abolished by the Kings in their desire to raise the chartered cities as an arm against the barons. And black slavery received its first act of abolition from atheistic France; its next from England, impelled by that one among her sects which least regards the letter of Scripture.

This style of criticism is so evidently founded on the conception of Christianity as an oracular system, bound to pronounce distinctly on all considerable matters, human or divine, that in simply treating the religion as an historical development through the influence of reverence for a person, we have already suggested the reply. The operation of such a cause was necessarily gradual, and could not produce the sudden and general protests demanded by Mr. Newman. Its action was not through any revealed economy of social life, but through the introduction of men, one by one, into spiritual relations incompatible with the sentiments of the slave. That Christianity opened its arms to the servile class at all, was enough: for in its em-



brace was the sure promise of emancipation. In proof of this we need no other witness than our author himself, who says :—

“Zeal for the liberation of serfs in Europe first rose in the breasts of the clergy, after the whole population had become nominally Christian. It was not men, but Christians, that the clergy of the Middle Ages desired to make free.”—P.167.

What more emphatic expression could the religion give of its hostility to slavery than this, that all men were to become Christians, and that no Christian should remain a slave? Is it imputed as a disgrace, that it put conversion before manumission, and brought them to God, ere it trusted them with themselves? To our mind this is the true and divine order,—a new life within to rule the new lot without,—Conscience, Lord of the Soul, invoked to succeed the feudal lord of the soil. If Christianity were patient of Heathenism, if it had no generous propagandism, it might be charged with narrowness in only redeeming its own. But its Missionary spirit forbade its ever providing itself with slaves from the Pagan class, while its own children had their liberty. It created the simultaneous obligation to make the Pagan a convert, and the convert free. That this tendency exhibited but faint traces in the earliest age of the Church is due, not merely to the small comparative numbers of the disciples, but no less to their expectation of an immediate close to this world's affairs. The only reason why Paul sanctioned contentment with his condition in the converted slave, was that, for so short a time, it was not worth while for any man to change his state; he that was free, was already the Lord's bondsman; and he that was bound, the Lord's freeman. In proportion as this anticipation retreated, society began to feel the tendency of the new religion. Doubtless the condition of the servile class was ameliorated by the legislation of good Pagan emperors: and not only the precepts of Seneca, but the edicts of Hadrian, Trajan and Antoninus, attest the growth of just and humane sentiments. But the steady agency of Christianity availed incomparably more than the happy accident of wisdom and virtue in a Prince. All its ordi-



nances were open indiscriminately to bond and free ; nor was servile birth any disqualification for the discharge of Church functions,—from the humble office of the two slave-girls mentioned in Pliny's letter to Trajan, to the dignity of the Episcopate itself. This rule stands in strong contrast with the Roman law, according to which no public office could be held by a slave. The exercise of the sacred duties suspended the rights of the master, and in case of the permanent assumption of the monastic habit, or the appointment to a bishopric, entirely abolished them. The Christian indissolubility of marriage seriously curtailed the owner's established rights, though it was long before it openly took the *legal* place of the previous *contubernia*. The influence of the Church was vigorously exerted against the barbarous treatment of the servile class : and Clement of Alexandria enjoins the bishop to reject the offerings of masters, “ qui fame, verberibus, acerbo dominatu, familiam suam vexarent.” And when an ill-used slave fled from the persecution of his owner to a Christian altar, he found a powerful protection in the officiating ecclesiastics ; who were bound to intercede actively on his behalf, and, failing of success, to permit to him the usual shelter of the sanctuary. Constantine was the first to enact laws against separating the members of the same servile family ; justifying his edict by the words, “ Quis enim ferat liberos a parentibus, a fratribus uxores, a viris conjuges segregari ? ” Mr. Newman mentions, among the horrors of Roman slavery, that “ young women of beautiful persons were sold as articles of voluptuousness : ” but he does not mention that the first Christian Emperors authorised the clergy to redeem from the *Lupanaria* the wretched victims who had there suffered the fate of St. Agnes ; or that, by a law of Theodoric, the seducer of a slave girl was not only bound to her thenceforth, but subjected for life to her master's service. An indication of the direction which was assumed by the sympathies of the new religion is afforded by the fact, that from the time of Constantine, the process of manumission was for the most part transferred to the Church, and formed part of the ceremonies at Easter, and the other ecclesiastical festivals. And under the auspices of Christian Emperors, the facilities for manumission were so greatly increased, that after the impediments removed by

Justinian, freedom became the rule, and slavery the exception, among the poorer subjects of the empire.\* So clear, indeed, is the tendency of Christianity on this matter, that if our author had made his attack from the opposite side, and contended that its doctrines *proved too much* against servitude, and assumed with too little qualification the capacity of each man for self-rule, we should have felt more hesitation in expressing our dissent. We certainly feel that the religious impulse under which, in Christian times, every assault upon slavery has been conducted, requires for its wise and efficient operation a larger admixture of worldly moderation and economical forethought, than zeal and generosity are willing to allow.

But few words will be needful in reference to our author's theory of the Reformation. In his view, this great event is due, not to the *Bible*, but to *Free Learning*, especially to the moral works of Cicero and Boethius, which "effected what (strange to think) the New Testament could not do" (p. 158). He inclines to think that the change would have been better brought about, if Luther had never lived; and while crediting the Pagan writers with the recovery of Europe, convicts the Scriptures of inefficiency, for not having prevented its previous lapse into barbarism and superstition.

The Reformation arose, *not* from the Bible, *but* from Free Learning! This appears to us like saying that the harvest comes, not from the seed-corn, but from good farming; or that the ship makes its voyage, not by the wind, but by navigation. Would our author have had the Bible produce the Reformation *without* Free Learning,—that is, without being applied to the European mind at all? If not, what is the meaning of this false antithesis, between the state of the human faculties and the object on which they are employed? and of the strange exaction

\* See Plin. Traj. Imp. Lib. x. ep. 97. Justinian's Novella, cxxiii. 4. v. 2. Clem. Alex. const. apost. iv. Cod. Theodos. ii. tit. 25. Gibbon, Ch. 44. and Blair's Inq. into the State of Slavery amongst the Romans, passim; especially pp. 127, 168-174; and 247, where it is shown that "St. Paul would, under any circumstances, have had no choice, but to send Onesimus to his master. The detention of a fugitive slave was considered the same offence as a theft, and would, no doubt, infer liability to prosecution for damages, under that head, or under the rules with regard to corrupting slaves,—or the Aquilian law, respecting reparation of injury done."

that the Scriptures, once put on parchment, should be able, whether men could procure and read them or not,—to overrule all the causes of internal corruption and external ruin, beneath which the Roman civilization succumbed? A “self-sustaining power” like this, a power to remain independent of perturbation from foreign influences, and to evolve like phenomena from the most unlike conditions of the human mind, is intrinsically inconceivable. Be a religion ever so divine,—from the moment that it is consigned to human media and delivered to the keeping of mankind, it inevitably shares the fate of all the intellectual and spiritual possessions of our race, and rises and sinks with the tides of history. If our author’s favourites,—the Latin moralists,—accomplished at the revival of learning what the Scriptures could not do, they availed as little as the Scriptures to prevent its previous decline; and when Europe “sank into the gulf of Popery,” she had Cicero and Boethius, no less than “the Bible in her hands.” But “without free intellect,” as Mr. Newman truly observes of the ancient Attic literature in the hands of the Greeks of Constantinople, “the works of their fathers did their souls no good:” and is not the plea equally valid that, without free intellect, the works of evangelists and apostles could do the souls of disciples no good? No Protestant ever disputed the need of Free Learning as an essential condition of the Reformation: and the only question is, whether the modern changes in the religion of Christendom arose from the free study of the Scriptures, or from the free study of the Pagan writers? It is difficult to discuss such a question with gravity. If our author really thinks that the Huguenots derived their inspiration from Seneca and the Puritans from Cicero; if he imagines Marcus Antoninus in the pocket of the Brownists, and Epictetus beneath the pillow of John Knox, he entertains a conception of modern history more peculiar than that of the Anglican theologians themselves. We had always imagined, that from the time of Petrarch, the ancient literature was nowhere more assiduously studied than in Italy; which, nevertheless, witnessed no “improvement of spiritual doctrine,” and was not assuming, under the patronage of the Medicis and the Papacy of Leo, a course of development very promising for religious

truth and moral earnestness. The assertion that the Reformation would have been more beneficent, had the Reformers never lived, belongs to a kind of speculation which appears to us fruitful in delusion. That concurrently with the rise of those great leaders there existed a general ferment of mind in Europe favourable to their influence, is undeniable: that, if they had not appeared, this condition would have manifested itself in some direction, drawing into it many of the energies which they bespoke, we do not doubt: but that this substituted phenomenon would have been "the Reformation," analogous in its characteristics and equivalent in its merits, is a proposition beyond the reach of human evidence; belonging to the computation of contingents, the *scientia media* of Molina's God. It is as little possible to conceive of the Reformation without Luther, as to imagine an Evangelicism without Paul, or even a Christianity without Christ.

A few topics in this volume we must leave untouched; an omission which will be more readily excused, we fear, than the handling of so many. In parting from it, we re-state our conviction that Mr. Newman exaggerates the resources of the purely subjective side of Religion, and undervalues its objective conditions. A spirit like his own may doubtless draw, from the mere depth of its inner experience, a faith and trust adequate to the noble governance of life. But just as the Intellect of mere metaphysicians, spinning assiduously from its own centre without fixed points of attachment for its threads, produces as many tissues of thought as there are original thinkers; so the Soul of mere spiritualists, in attempting to evolve everything from within without any datum of historical reverence, must create as many religions as there are worshippers. As we have faith in a Common Reason, so have we in a Common Conscience, of mankind; the eye, in the one case of natural, in the other, of divine truth: but liable, in both instances, to the same law,—that *objects* not ideal but real be given for perception and appreciation; objects, not different for each observer, but large and conspicuous enough to fix simultaneously the universal vision. The grand objects of the physical universe, discernible from every latitude, look in at the understanding of all nations, and secure the unity of Science. And the

glorious persons of human history, imperishable from the traditions of every civilized people, keeping their sublime glance upon the Conscience of ages, create the unity of Faith. And if it hath pleased God the Creator, to fit up one system with one Sun, to make the daylight of several worlds; so may it fitly have pleased God the Revealer, to kindle amid the ecliptic of history One Divine Soul, to glorify whatever lies within the great year of his moral Providence, and represent the Father of Lights. The exhibition of Christ as his Moral Image has maintained in the souls of men a common spiritual type to correct the aberrations of their individuality, to unite the humblest and the highest, to merge all minds into one family,—and *that*, the family of God.

## ART. V.—SOCIAL ASPECTS.

*Social Aspects.* By John Stores Smith. London, 1850.

THIS is an admonitory or exhortatory work, full of good intention but too vague and declamatory to be useful. The author's mind, too, has been strongly impressed by the leading thoughts and the prevailing mannerism of some of our most popular writers, and so some confusion is occasioned to the reader, as of one listening to many echoes. He takes a gloomy view of our social prospects, thinks that there is no worth or honesty in our civilization, that it is full of inward rottenness and hastening to ruin, and being of opinion that the old civilizations perished not from political but from moral causes (an opinion which without some definite explanation of the degeneracy of character conveys no instruction), he applies himself to the various departments and fountain heads of moral influence, and exhorts them, with unsparing contempt for their present "inanity," to be true, honest, earnest, and high souled.

The method is somewhat needlessly minute. Thus, the Introduction, after three short sections on the decay of Nations, the function of civilization, and the standard or ideal man by which to judge our actual, occupying in all only thirty-two short pages, is followed by a section of "Pause and Survey," retracing the ground already travelled.

We have complained of this work as vague. Let us give an example. The author portrays an ideal man, as a measure by which to "estimate the English people of to-day." He might have satisfied himself with the detailed portraiture of Christianity, for it is difficult to perceive what "fixed standard" is obtained from such outlines as these,—that the ideal man must possess Spirituality, Truth of nature, Courage and Earnestness, and have his life "one proud and unwavering effort to act in conformity with Conscience." We add his own summary of the ideal of a manly life. "It may be summed up briefly as the intense desire, resolve, and endeavour to discover God's

will, and having discovered it, to act in obedience to it, in the face of the whole universe, if it be that it stands between us and that obedience;—that also must be kept in view." Tried by this Ideal within him, the author sees nothing around him but emptiness and barrenness, with the exception of some insignificant material things, and "leaving it for others to trumpet the praises of the times," he "confines himself to an enunciation of its evil features."

Accordingly, in "the social and domestic tendencies of the Age" he sees little but self-conceit and exaggeration, material standards of respectability, rival upholstery, emulative millinery, and the heart eaten out of love and home by vain strivings after appearances and fashionable measures of living and expenditure. There is much truth in all this, but it is so far from being the whole truth, that it stands considerable chance of being rejected as altogether false. The nineteenth century will hardly recognize its own likeness in this perplexing picture. "It does nothing but run up and down the land, bedecked with its phylacteries, like a hen that has laid her virgin egg, and knows not what to make of it, strutting noisily about, and cackling, with endless repetition, 'Look at me! Admire me! I have laid my egg—I am the Nineteenth Century!'"

In the "Morality" of the age he sees only an outward polish and an inward looseness; and Cider Cellars, Casinos, Walhallas, and the licentiousness of the streets, so distress his moral perceptions that he cannot get their corruption out of his eyes. We earnestly trust that what is unquestionably true and needed in his protests will not be injured by its one-sidedness—but we must say that what exactly is meant by Casinos, and Walhallas, will be a mystery to multitudes.

In "the Education and Position of Woman," he sees only "frivolity and vanity," "Crochet and Berlin wool work," "antimacassar and doylies," and a system that aims to create "luxurious, gay-coloured butterflies," "accomplished yet ignorant; fashionable, yet vulgar to the core; eye-dazzling, but heart-sickening; a race who are entitled to the name of 'fine girl,' or 'elegant creature,' but can never, without mockery, bear the hallowed name of woman."



In "Literature" he sees only "flippancy and comicality," mechanisms and materialisms, and mere beauties of style.

In "Religion" he finds that "the God of Englishmen is a union of Mammon and Public Opinion; their Heaven Success in life; their Hell 'Not getting on.'"

We give the author credit for excellent purpose, and in his analysis of our moral state there is much truth of perception and force of rebuke, but some more genial perception of the good that belongs to the Age would have saved his book from the fate that we fear awaits all Jeremiads.

An author, too, that assumes so high a tone challenges the utmost severity of moral criticism. We must say, then, that we do not think that such Morality as this is likely to mend the Age:—

"The character of King David has ever been a stumbling block to men; they have not been able to understand how he could be an adulterer, a murderer, a debauchée, and yet the man after God's own heart.—David had one of the strongest and most vigorous souls ever sent upon the earth. The consequence was, that when the scum and residue of his fleshly excesses fastened upon his soul it had strength to rise against them, enter into conflict with them, and cast them away. The bodily sin had not its corresponding influence upon his powerful soul, and therefore to the God of soul was no sin; and thus the high active-souled adulterer could be the man after God's own heart!"

We do not know why the author should close this passage with a note of admiration, unless it was to anticipate and neutralize any such mark which his critics might be tempted to affix. As far as we can understand the doctrine of the passage, it is, that, the more spiritual a man is by God's gift and inspiration, the more safely, and the more innocently, he may set at nought moral Principle, and the Law of holiness. We have not so learned Christ. Holy impulses and a strong soul are not charters of licentiousness, but measures whereby to number the stripes to be inflicted on low indulgence.

And an author who demands in a book "simply recorded thought," ought not to have made the demand in a passage, which shows that it might not be impossible to satisfy him with less:—

"The next fact that must also force itself upon any man who comes to survey this literature from the older ones, or from the oldest of all, God's living literature of nature, and not from the conventional estimates of its dignity and worth, will unquestionably be the extreme scarcity of *thought*; a scarcity almost amounting to a total absence. That a book is, or should be, simply recorded thought, does not appear to be accepted in these days. We can find traces of a certain plausible argumentativeness; of considerable reflection in the practical branches of Literature; and even of empirical thought, forced upon the utterer by the progress of this\* subject; but can rarely or never find any trace of a fierce ebullience of reflection that arose within the deeps of the soul, fermented therein until it gained its points of overboiling, and then only issued forth into public view when it had burnt its way out, so to speak, and could not any longer be contained."

\* So in the book: possibly a misprint for "his."

## ART. VI.—HISTORY OF JESUS.

*A History of Jesus.* By W. H. Furness. Boston : 1850.  
12mo. pp. 291.

WE took up this book with a lively hope and expectation. No religious publication is more needed than a Life of Christ which, while it supplies all the information, and mere learning, necessary for an elucidation of the records, will also make us feel the moral Power that came into the world, and show us a living Energy of the spiritual God, in whose presence, and beneath whose spell, we lose all wonder that it was deemed sufficient for the regeneration of mankind. The Life of Christ that is needed is a Life that will explain the power of Christ's Religion. We have none such in our language. Perhaps Neander's is the nearest approach to it in any language. Ware's "Life of the Saviour" was written for children, with an express intention of accommodation to their understandings, and Christianity cannot be worthily represented in this way. There are obvious indications of the mind letting itself down, and lowering its temperament, and so falling into the unintentional levity of making its theme less than itself. Milman's most instructive life of Christ, in the first volume of his History of Christianity, is all that could be desired, so far as external matters are concerned—but of spiritual intensity there is none; he never seeks to penetrate to the soul of Christ, even so far as to give a unity to his character and conduct; and if the Gospels were withdrawn, and only that Biography left, no one would understand the wonderful results that have ensued. We had good reason to anticipate that Mr. Furness, if he attempted the difficult task, would furnish a life of Jesus, sufficient in information, and eminently successful in the delineation of the living Glory, that was the power of God unto Salvation. He has long exerted a mind of no ordinary spiritual sensibility on this high theme. Many years ago he published a work, entitled "Remarks on the four Gospels," in which his principal object was to reach

the springs of Christ's life, to unfold the perfection of his character, and show the moral harmony that pervaded the most mysterious manifestations of its loftiness and beauty. In later years he re-issued this work, greatly enlarged, under the title of "Jesus and his Biographers." Meanwhile, *Lives of Christ*, both critical and practical, have been appearing in remarkable abundance, and, in their several ways, of an exhaustive fulness. When Mr. Furness, with such aids, and after such repeated trials and preparations, returned a third time to his great task, we looked for a complete work. We had hoped for a book that would enable us to put into the hands of young people a quickening exhibition of the living energies of Christianity, and be a treasure to our children's children. We acknowledge an entire and startling disappointment. Almost all difficulties of an historical kind are purposely evaded. The story of Christ's life is not told, but only remarked upon. A succession of sketches of moral impressions of Jesus makes up the volume, with no more array of events and details than is sufficient to illustrate and verify the moral view. Even the spiritual delicacy and sensibility that were the peculiar charms of his former volumes, are not apparent here. Often in an attempt to remove the deadening power of customary words, he uses a familiar phraseology, which, to employ a strange expression of his own, "belittles" the narrative. Mr. Furness has a strange theory of Miracles. He holds them to be as natural to Christ, as the commonest powers that we possess are natural to us. This view he has elaborately supported in his former publications, but here he proceeds upon it without systematically laying it down, and the consequence is, that all that he says upon miracles bears the mark of mere arbitrariness. His idea is, that what we call miraculous power is only the natural accompaniment of faith and spirituality. If so, then how were miracles natural to the Apostles before the after-facts of the Resurrection had conveyed to them either faith or spirituality? If so, why then do we not witness now some approaches to miraculous power correspondent to the higher measures of faith and spirituality? Why has the holiest of believers no more power over physical causes, or to introduce a higher spiritual cause so as to suspend

physical ones, than a sot or a clown? One thing, however, is both instructive and remarkable, the profound impression of reality and of naturalness which such a theory exhibits as left upon a spiritual and most honest mind by the Character of Christ as presented in the Gospels.

It would really pain us, like the infliction of an injury on a valued friend, to quote from this History, so much more highly do we rank his former publications on the same subject. We can only account for the failure on the supposition that Mr. Furness, wishing to write a complete History of Jesus, and not wishing to repeat himself, was unable, from the large fragmentary contributions he had already made to such a work, to bring his mind again to the task with freshness and concentration, and so wrote loosely from general impression and remembrance. We are far from saying, that this History will not repay a perusal, for it is well to be constantly refreshing our image of the Life of the Son of Man, and viewing it from the lights and positions of all holy and earnest minds; but we sincerely hope that no one will do Mr. Furness the injustice of estimating his appreciation of Christ and Christianity from the "History of Jesus," without also studying "Jesus and his Biographers."